

From the Times, 1st Sept.

## UNCLE TOM'S CABIN.\*

TWENTY thousand copies of this book, according to its title-page, are circulating among the American people, but three times as many thousands more have probably issued from the American press since the title-page was written. According to the *Boston Traveller*, the authoress has already received from her publishers the sum of "\$10,300 as her copy-right premium on three months' sale of the work—we believe the largest sum of money ever received by any author, either American or European, from the sales of a single work in so short a period of time." *Uncle Tom's Cabin* is at every railway book-stall in England, and in every third traveller's hand. The book is a decided hit. It takes its place with "Pickwick," with Louis Napoleon, with the mendicant who suddenly discovers himself heir to 20,000*l.* a-year, and, in fact, with every man whose good fortune it has been to fall asleep Nobody, and to awake in the morning an institution in the land. It is impossible not to feel respect for *Uncle Tom's Cabin*.

The object of the work is revealed in the pictorial frontispiece. Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe is an abolitionist, and her book is a vehement and unrestrained argument in favor of her creed. She does not preach a sermon, for men are accustomed to nap and nod under the pulpit; she does not indite a philosophical discourse, for philosophy is exacting, is solicitous for truth, and scorns exaggeration. Nor does the lady condescend to survey her intricate subject in the capacity of a judge, for the judicial seat is fixed high above human passion, and she is in no temper to mount it. With the instinct of her sex, the clever authoress takes the shortest road to her purpose, and strikes at the conviction of her readers by assailing their hearts. She cannot hold the scales of justice with a steady hand, but she has learnt to perfection the craft of the advocate. *Euclid*, she well knows, is no child for effecting social revolutions, but an impassioned song may set a world in conflagration. Who shall deny to a true woman the use of her true weapons? We are content to warn the unsuspecting reader of their actual presence!

Perhaps there is, after all, but one method of carrying on a crusade, and that unscrupulous fighting is the rightful warfare of the crusader. Mrs. Stowe, having made up her mind that slavery is an abomination in the sight of God and man, thinks of nothing but the annihilation of the pernicious system. From the first page of her narrative to the last this idea is paramount in her mind, and colors all her drawings. That she will secure proselytes we take for granted; for it is in the nature of enthusiasm to inoculate with passionate zeal the strong-hearted as well as the feeble-minded. That she will convince the world of the purity of her own motives and of the hatefulness of the sin she denounces is equally clear;

\* *Uncle Tom's Cabin, or Life among the Lowly*, by Harriet Beecher Stowe. Twentieth Thousand. Boston: Jewett & Co. 1852.

but that she will help in the slightest degree towards the removal of the gigantic evil that afflicts her soul is a point upon which we may express the greatest doubt; nay, is a matter upon which, unfortunately, we have very little doubt at all, inasmuch as we are certain that the very readiest way to rivet the fetters of slavery in these critical times is to direct against all slaveholders in America the opprobrium and indignation which such works as *Uncle Tom's Cabin* are sure to excite.

It is scarcely necessary to give in this place and in detail the plot of Mrs. Stowe's striking production; for striking and meritorious it undoubtedly is. The lady has great skill in the delineation of character; her hand is vigorous and firm, her mastery over human feeling is unquestionable, and her humorous efforts are unimpeachable. We know of no book in which the negro character finds such successful interpretation, and appears so life-like and so fresh. The scenes in which the negroes are represented at their domestic labors or conversing with each other reveal a familiar acquaintance with negro life, and a capacity for displaying it that cannot be mistaken. The slang of "Ethiopian serenaders" for once gives place to thoughts and language racy of the soil, and we need not say how refreshing it is to be separated for a season from the conventional Sambo of the modern stage. But even as an artist Mrs. Stowe is not faultless. She exhibits but ordinary ability in the construction of her story. Her narrative is rather a succession of detached scenes than a compact, well-jointed whole; and many of the scenes are tedious from their similarity and repetition. The reader is interested in the fate of two heroes, but their streams of adventure never blend. The scene closes upon Uncle Tom to open upon George Harris, and it closes upon George Harris, to open upon Uncle Tom—a style of proceeding well understood at the Adelphi Theatre, where the *facétie* of Wright must duly relieve the *diablerie* of O. Smith—but certainly not yet recognized in the classic realms of art.

Uncle Tom is the slave of Mr. Shelby, the proprietor of a certain estate in Kentucky, which has fallen into disorder in consequence of the speculative habits of its owner, who, at the opening of the tale, is forced to part not only with Uncle Tom, but with a young quadroon woman named Eliza, the servant of Mrs. Shelby, and the wife of George Harris, a slave upon a neighboring estate. Uncle Tom is carried off Mr. Shelby's estate by the new purchaser, one Mr. Haly; but Eliza, dreading separation from her husband and her subsequent fate, takes flight with her child, and is ultimately joined to her mate on the free soil of Canada. The two volumes of which the book is made up are occupied, as we have hinted, with the adventures of Uncle Tom and George Harris, until the former dies a Christian martyr, and the latter becomes a model liberator in the black republic of Liberia.

Uncle Tom is a paragon of virtue. He is more than mortal in his powers of endurance, in his devotion, in his self-denial, in his Christian profession and practice, and in his abhorrence of spiritu-

ous liquors. When Mr. Haly in his turn sold Tom to a new master, the good-natured owner informed his new acquisition that he would make him "coachy," on condition that he would not get drunk more than once a-week, unless in cases of emergency, whereupon "Tom looked surprised and rather hurt, and said, 'I never drink, Mas'r.'" This may be taken as a keynote to the tune Tom is eternally playing for our edification and moral improvement. He always "looks surprised and rather hurt" on such occasions. He is described as a fine, powerful negro, walking through the world with a Bible in his hands, and virtuous indignation on his lips, both ready to be called into requisition on the slightest provocation, in season and out of season, at work or at play, by your leave or without it, in sorrow or in joy, for the benefit of his superiors or for the castigation of his equals. A prominent fault of this production is indicated in these facts. In her very eagerness to accomplish her amiable intention, Mrs. Stowe ludicrously stumbles and falls very far short of her object. She should surely have contented herself with proving the infamy of the slave system, and not been tempted to establish the superiority of the African nature over that of the Anglo-Saxon and of every other known race. We have read some novels in our time, and occupied not a few precious hours in the proceedings of their heroines and heroes; but we can scarcely remember ever to have encountered either gentle knight or gentler dame to whom we could not easily have brought home the imputation of human frailty. The mark of the first fall has been there, though the hues might be of the faintest. Now, if Adam, before his decline, had been a black, as some ethnologists still insist, he could not possibly have been more thoroughly without flaw than Uncle Tom. In him the said mark is eradicated once and forever. He represents in his person the only well-authenticated instance we know, in modern times, of that laudable principle, in virtue of which a man presents his left cheek to be smitten after his first has been slapped. The more you "larrup" Uncle Tom the more he blesses you; the greater his bodily agony the more intense becomes his spiritual delight. The more he ought to complain the more he does n't; the less he has cause for taking a pleasant view of life and human dealings, the less he finds reason to repine; and his particular sentiments are all to match. Tom has reason to believe that Mr. Shelby will not wish him "Good by" before he starts off for the south with Mr. Haly. "That ar hurt me more than sellin', it did," Tom's wife is heartbroken at his departure, and naturally reproaches Mr. Shelby for turning him into money. Tom, always superior to human nature, tenderly rebukes her. "I'll tell ye, Chloe, it goes agin me to hear one word agin Mas'r. Was n't he put in my arms a baby? It's natur I should think a heap of him." Tom "had every facility and temptation to dishonesty," but his "simplicity of nature was impregnable," and he was never known to make a mistake in his life, although "trusted to an unlimited extent by a careless master, who handed him a bill without looking at it, and pocketed the change without counting it."

What have we been doing all these years, during which at great cost of time, labor, and money, we have despatched missionary after missionary to the heathen, but neglected needful labors at home in order to effect works of supererogation abroad! Before we export another white enthu-

siast from Exeter-hall, let us import a dozen or two blacks to teach Exeter-hall its most obvious Christian duties. If Mrs. Stow's portraiture is correct, and if Uncle Tom is a type of a class, we deliberately assert that we have nothing more to communicate to the negro, but everything to learn from his profession and practice. No wonder that Tom works miracles by his example. Such sudden conversions from brutality to humility, from glaring infidelity to the most childlike belief, as are presented to our admiration in these volumes, have never been wrought on earth since the days of the Apostles. One of the best sketches in the book is that of a little black imp, by name Topsy, who loves lying for the sake of lying, who is more mischievous than a monkey, and in all respects as ignorant; yet she has hardly had time to remove from her soul the rubbish accumulated there from her birth, and to prepare her mind for the reception of the most practical truths, before—without any sufficient reason—"a ray of real belief, a ray of heavenly love penetrates the darkness of her heathen soul," and enables her in due time to accept the responsible appointment of missionary to a station in Africa. Uncle Tom not only converts by his arguments Mr. St. Clare, his master in New Orleans, who is a gentleman, a scholar, a philosopher, and as shrewd a hand in a discussion as you are ever likely to encounter, but positively redeems in a moment from utter savageness and the lowest degradation wretches in whom the sense of feeling is extinct, and from whom we have been taught until Tom took them in hand to recoil in horror. It is no respect for religion that we feel when Tom, beaten almost to death by his owner, is visited by a poor woman, who offers him water to relieve his mortal pains, but who is quietly informed by the sufferer that a chapter from the Bible is better than drink. Well-fed and comfortably-housed hypocrisy is apt to deliver itself of such utterances, but certainly not true piety in its hours of anguish and physical extremity. A quadroon slave called Cassy is introduced to the reader under the most painful circumstances. Her career has been one of compelled vice until her spirit has finally acquired a wild and positively fiendish character. You read the authoress' vivid descriptions, you note the creature's conduct, and you are convinced that it will take years to restore human tenderness to that bruised soul, to say nothing of belief in Heaven and its solemn and mysterious promises. But you err! In an instant, and most miraculously, "the long winter of despair, the ice of years gives way, and the dark despairing woman weeps and prays." She, too, "yields at once, and with her whole soul, to every good influence, and becomes a devout and tender Christian." This monstrous instance is outdone by another. Sambo and Quimbo are two black rascals, who have been trained "in savageness and brutality as systematically as bulldogs, and, by long practice in hardness and cruelty, have brought their whole nature to about the same range of capacities." When we first behold them, we are told to mark "their coarse, dark, heavy features; their great eyes rolling enviously on each other; their barbarous, guttural, half-brute intonation; their dilapidated garments fluttering in the wind," and to remember the apt illustration before us "of the fact that brutal men are lower even than animals." So long as these worthies are on the scene, their actions correspond exactly with their appearance, and with the accounts given of their canine bringing up;

they go on from bad to worse, and at the worst, when their restitution to humanity seems utterly and forever hopeless, then it is that Tom "pours forth a few energetic sentences of that wondrous One—his life, his death, his everlasting presence and power to save,"—that "they weep—both the two savage men,"—that Tom cries to Heaven to give him two more souls, and that the prayer is immediately and satisfactorily answered by their happy and most astounding conversion. Surely there is something more real and substantial in Mrs. Stowe's volumes to account for their extraordinary popularity than such absolute and audacious trash. It would be blasphemy to believe in such revelations, and common sense and a feeling of what is due to our better nature will assuredly prevent all but the veriest fanatics from accepting as truth such exaggerated and unholy fables.

An error, almost as fatal as the one adverted to, is committed by our authoress in the pains she takes to paint her negroes, mulattos, and quadroons, in the very whitest white, while she is equally careful to disfigure her whites with the very blackest black. The worst negroes are ultimately taken to heaven, but few of the fair colored are warranted living or dying, without blemish. The case of slavery is submitted in this work, it is true, to the reader's enlightened attention, but before his judgment can calmly set itself to work, his sympathies are thoroughly secured by a lady who takes good care not to let them loose again. The very first scene of the book introduces us to an offensive dealer in slaves and to a slave-proprietor without feeling, and both are bargaining for the disposal of slaves who, in personal appearance and in moral attainments, are not to be surpassed on either side of the Atlantic. What becomes of the judgment under such an ordeal, if the intellect be weak and the heart be strong? We are not ignorant of the mode in which great morals are enforced at our minor theatres, and of the means there taken to impress the imagination and to instruct the intellect by the help of the domestic melodrama. A villain on the Surrey side of the water is a villain indeed, and a persecuted heroine is persecuted beyond endurance in any other place. It is very easy to educe startling lessons from a dramatic work, as it is easy enough for an artist to delineate fear by painting a man with staring eyes, open mouth, and hair on end. Truth, however, demands more delicate dealing, and art that would interpret Truth must watch the harmonies of Nature, which charms not by great "effects," but by her blended symmetry and grace, by her logical and unforced developments. Did we know nothing of the subject treated by Mrs. Stowe, we confess that we should hesitate before accepting much of her coin as sterling metal. Her quadroon girl is all too like the applauded slave of the Victoria. "The rich, full, dark eye, with its long lashes—the ripples of silky black hair, the delicately formed hand and trim foot and ankle, the dress of the neatest possible fit, which set off to advantage her finely-moulded shape, the peculiar air of refinement, the softness of voice and manner," are insisted upon with a pertinacity which we look for in vain when we come face to face with the less fortunately-endowed specimens of the Anglo-Saxon race. Her husband, George, a mulatto, being rather blacker than herself, is painted, according to rule, in still brighter colors. He is "possessed of a handsome person and pleasing manners," is "a general favorite in the factory" where he works, "his adroitness and ingenuity

cause him to be considered the first hand in the place," and he has "invented a machine for the cleaning of hemp, which displays quite as much mechanical genius as Whitney's cotton-gin." During his flight to Canada George disguises himself. Being informed of the circumstance, we are introduced to an hotel in Kentucky. "It was late in a drizzly afternoon that a traveller alighted at the door. He was very tall, with a dark Spanish complexion, fine expressive black eyes, and close curling hair, also of a glossy blackness. His well-formed aquiline nose, straight thin lips, and the admirable contour of his finely formed limbs, impressed the whole company instantly with the idea of something uncommon." Who can the distinguished stranger be but M. Lemaître or Mr. Wallock, representing for our approval and delight George Harris, the runaway mulatto? If we have any doubt it is removed at once when we are told that the said George, being addressed by a stranger at the hotel, "stood up like a rock, and put out his hand with the air of a prince," just as we have seen Lemaître do it as *Le Docteur Noir*. An indifferent advocate may make one of two mistakes. He may understate his client's case, or he may overstate it. Able as she is, Mrs. Stowe has committed the latter fault, and will suffer in the minds of the judicious from the female error. With so good a cause it is a pity that her honest zeal should have outrun discretion.

The gravest fault of the book has, however, to be mentioned. Its object is to abolish slavery. Its effect will be to render slavery more difficult than ever of abolishment. Its very popularity constitutes its greatest difficulty. It will keep ill blood at boiling point, and irritate instead of pacifying those whose proceedings Mrs. Stowe is anxious to influence on behalf of humanity. *Uncle Tom's Cabin* was not required to convince the haters of slavery of the abomination of the "institution;" of all books, it is the least calculated to weigh with those whose prejudices in favor of slavery have yet to be overcome, and whose interests are involved in the perpetuation of the system. If slavery is to cease in America, and if the people of the United States, who fought and bled for their liberty and nobly won it, are to remove the disgrace that attaches to them for forging chains for others which they will not tolerate on their own limbs, the work of enfranchisement must be a movement, not forced upon slaveowners, but voluntarily undertaken, accepted and carried out by the whole community. There is no federal law which can compel the slave states to resign the "property" which they hold. The states of the south are as free to maintain slavery as are the states of the north to rid themselves of the scandal. Let the attempt be made imperiously and violently to dictate to the south, and from that hour the Union is at an end. We are aware that to the mind of the "philanthropist" the alternative brings no alarm, but to the rational thinkers, to the statesman, and to all men interested in the world's progress, the disruption of the bond that holds the American States together is fraught with calamity, with which the present evil of slavery—a system destined sooner or later to fall to pieces under the weight of public opinion and its own infamy—bears no sensible comparison. The writer of *Uncle Tom's Cabin* and similar well-disposed authors have yet to learn that to excite the passions of their readers in favor of their philanthropic schemes is the very worst mode of getting rid of a difficulty, which, whoever

may be to blame for its existence, is part and parcel of the whole social organization of a large proportion of the states, and cannot be forcibly removed without instant anarchy, and all its accompanying mischief.

Would Mrs. Stowe have liberty proclaimed throughout the states at the present moment? For her own sake, and for the sake of her countrymen, we hope not. We do not believe that the blacks in America are prepared for sudden emancipation; and, if they are, we are certain that the whites are wholly incapable of appreciating the blessing. Sir Charles Lyell, in his *Second Visit to the United States of North America*, very properly remarks that the fanaticism of abolitionists constitutes one difficulty in the way of emancipation, the prejudices of perpetuists another, but that the jealousy of an unscrupulous democracy is a far more terrible obstacle than either. In the same spirit, the writer of a remarkable article in the *North American Review* last year observed, that "the whites need to go through a training for freedom scarcely less than the blacks, the master being as much fettered to one end of the chain as the slave to the other." All impartial witnesses speak to the same effect. Mr. Featherstonhaugh, no lover of slavery, who passed years in the United States, declares that slavery is a positive blessing to every negro who would receive nothing but liberty from his owner. For, in truth, what is liberty worth to the possessor if it be accompanied with social degradation of the worst description? The manumitted slaves of Jamaica are, in the sight of the law, in the estimation of their fellows, and in the eye of God, equals with those whose actual "property" they were the other day. Importance no longer attaches to complexion in that island. The white and colored people intermarry, colored people hold responsible offices, and are received as guests at the governor's table. An American, who visited Jamaica in 1850, states that—

At the Surrey assizes, where Sir Joshua Rowe presided, two colored lawyers were sitting at the barristers' table, and of the jury all but three were colored, seven-tenths of the whole police force of the island, amounting to about 800 men, were estimated to be colored. In the Legislative Assembly, composed of from 48 to 50 members, 10 or a dozen were colored; and the public printers of the Legislature, who were also editors of the leading government paper, were both colored men.

Compare this salutary state of things with the certain doom of the negro suddenly emancipated by his American master! The democratic horror of black blood in the United States knows no bounds. Sir Charles Lyell has a pathetic account of a young girl he met on board a steamer in America, and who was rudely summoned from the dinner-table because—though free as herself—she had presumed—having one streak of negro blood in her otherwise unsullied veins—to sit at the same board with a party of pure whites. He had previously been shocked by remarking that no colored man, slave or freeman, how far soever removed from the negro stock, however respectable his appearance, however cultivated his mind, was allowed to take his meals while the very meanest white on board had yet to satisfy his hunger. What avail the pathetic appeals, the painful incidents, the passionate denunciations with which *Uncle Tom's Cabin* abounds, in the teeth of such facts as these? Let it be borne in mind that this instinctive and

openly proclaimed physical disgust and abhorrence of the negro race is not peculiar to the south, but is even more strongly evident in the north; that it is no offensive characteristic, of the slaveowner, but is a vice equally rampant in the self-satisfied and complacent soul of the agitating abolitionist. Blacks are not stocks or stones; we know them to be capable of high civilization, and to be susceptible of the noblest emotions. Improved public opinion all over the world is doing much for them, and education and religion are doing still more. They are not unconscious of their social inferiority in Republican America, for they are hourly made to feel it. Imagine them liberated to-morrow in those portions of the United States where they outnumber the whites, and where they would only have to raise their liberated hands in order to strike down the traditional enemies of their race, their once tyrannical owners, their always contemptuous social superiors. Hate begets hate, and a war of races secures the rapid deterioration and decline of all the combatants. We may well shrink before rashly inviting so bloody and disastrous a conflict.

And be it stated to the credit of the slaveowners of the south, that they are fully alive to the danger of the portentous struggle, and have of late years shown no indisposition to help in their own emancipation as well as in that of the slave, provided they may only escape the dire catastrophe we speak of. It is certain that a large class of slaveowners in the south are most desirous to relieve their soil of the stain and inconvenience of slavery, if the tremendous step can be taken with safety to all parties concerned in the act of liberation. The efforts made in the south to improve the condition of the slave show at least that humanity is not dead in the bosoms of the proprietors. Mrs. Stowe has certainly not done justice to this branch of the subject. Horrors in connexion with slavery—itself a horror—unquestionably exist; but all accounts—save her own, and those of writers actuated by her extreme views—concur in describing the general condition of the southern slave as one of comparative happiness and comfort, such as many a free man in the United Kingdom might regard with envy. One authority on this point is too important to be overlooked. In the year 1842 a Scotch weaver, named William Thomson, travelled through the Southern States. He supported himself on his way by manual labor; he mixed with the humblest classes, black and white, and on his return home he published an account of his journeyings. He had quitted Scotland a sworn hater of slave proprietors, but he confessed that experience had modified his views on this subject to a considerable degree. He had witnessed slavery in most of the slaveholding states, he had lived for weeks among negroes in cotton plantations, and he asserted that he had never beheld one-fifth of the real suffering that he had seen among the laboring poor in England. Nay more, he declared—

That the members of the same family of negroes are not so much scattered as are those of working men in Scotland, whose necessities compel them to separate at an age when the American slave is running about gathering health and strength.

Ten years have not increased the hardships of the southern slave. During that period colonization has come to his relief—education has, legally or illegally, found its way to his cabin, and Christianity has added spiritual consolations to his allowed,



admitted physical enjoyments. It has been justly said that to those men of the south who have done their best for the negro under the institution of slavery must we look for any great effort in favor of emancipation, and they who are best acquainted with the progress of events in those parts declare that at this moment "there are powerful and irresistible influences at work in a large part of the slave states tending towards the abolition of slavery within these boundaries."

We can well believe it. The world is working its way towards liberty, and the blacks will not be left behind in the onward march. Since the adoption of the American constitution seven states have voluntarily abolished slavery. When that constitution was proclaimed there was scarcely a free black in the country. According to the last census the free blacks amount to 418,173, and of these 233,691 are blacks of the south, liberated by their owners, and not by the force of law. We cannot shut our eyes to these facts. Neither can we deny that, desirable as negro emancipation may be in the United States, abolition must be the result of growth, not of revolution, must be patiently wrought out by means of the American constitution, and not in bitter spite of it. America cannot for any time resist the enlightened spirit of our age, and it is manifestly her interest to adapt her institutions to its temper. That she will eventually do so if she be not a divided household—if the south be not goaded to illiberality by the north—if public writers deal with the matter in the spirit of conciliation, justice, charity, and truth, we will not permit ourselves to doubt. That she is alive to the necessities of the age is manifest from the circumstance that, for the last four years, she has been busy in preparing the way for emancipation by a method that has not failed in older countries to remove national troubles almost as intolerable as that of slavery itself. We have learnt to believe that the old world is to be saved and renewed by means of emigration. Who shall say that the new world—in visible danger from the presence of a dark inheritance bequeathed to it by Europe—shall not be rescued by the same providential means? The negro colony of Liberia, established by the United States, extends along the western coast of Africa a distance of more than 500 miles. The civilized black population amounts to 8,000 souls. The heathen population is over 200,000. The soil of the colony is fertile, its exports are daily increasing, it has already entered into diplomatic relations with Great Britain and France. A government is established which might have been framed by the whitest skins; 2,000 communicants are in connexion with its churches; 1,500 children attend its Sabbath schools. Education has become—would that it were so here—a national obligation, and the work of instruction and conversion is carried on by educated negroes among their brethren, who cannot fail to appreciate the service and to accept the blessing. The refuge afforded by Liberia for the gradual reception of the manumitted and civilized slaves of the United States we hold to be the most promising element in the question, upon the tranquil settlement of which the happiness and political existence of the United States depend. It will enable America to save herself and to achieve a work far nobler than that of winning her own political independence. The civilization of Africa hangs largely upon her wisdom. A quarter of the world may be Christianized by the act which enables America to perform the first of Christian

duties. We have said that the process of liberation is going on, and that we are convinced the south in its own interests will not be laggard in the labor. Liberia and similar spots on the earth's surface proffer aid to the south, which cannot be rejected with safety. That the aid may be accepted with alacrity and good heart, let us have no more *Uncle Tom's Cabins*, engendering ill-will, keeping up bad blood, and rendering well-disposed, humane, but critically placed men their own enemies and the stumbling-blocks to civilization and to the spread of glad tidings from Heaven.

From the Examiner.

This is not only the most effective exposition that has yet been made by any one person of the wrongs that are inherent in the slave system, but as a work of imagination it is to be welcomed as the best that has been hitherto contributed to what may hereafter form a large part of the reading of the world—the literature of America. It is thoroughly genuine. It is not founded upon reminiscences of Addison or of Goldsmith, or of any of the lights of other days. It is a genuine work of an American mind, wherein all the great and sacred feelings common to humanity are uttered in that kind of English which is spoken only in America; and wherein they are represented as they show themselves—with all the small and the unholy feelings too—in distinct phases of American society.

Mrs. Stowe has written not to make a book, but out of the abundance of her heart to utter a strong, earnest feeling. Deeply as she is impressed with her didactic purpose, her righteous desire to gain the public ear has withheld her from assuming in any page of her volume the unattractive form of pure discussion. Marvellous is the skill with which the authoress kneads into all her facts the leaven of a deeply interesting story. Defects of management there are in the tale, but never one that relaxes the attention or the interest. Regarded purely as a novel, *Uncle Tom's Cabin* is a work of the very highest literary merit. But it is further to be considered that there is not a chapter in it which does not adduce fresh evidence in accusation of the worst crime that is committed in our own day among the nations. Mrs. Stowe pleads as an American before Americans. She fearlessly shows to her countrymen and countrywomen the picture of themselves, and they accept it, praise it, purchase it. It is a very notable circumstance, the extraordinary circulation of this book in America. The worst aspects of American society have nowhere been portrayed with more merciless humor than in Mrs. Stowe's protest against slavery; but the book gives no offence because it is genuine. It is not merciless in spite, but in the vigor of a genial wrath against things evil. Mrs. Stowe writes out of a warm heart, and appeals to generous emotions. These are quite as prompt to rise over the way in the United States as here in the United Kingdom; and Mrs. Stowe has found, therefore, many thousands of readers—it is even said that she counts by this time as many as a hundred thousand purchasers. Her success in America, in short, corresponds to that which Mr. Dickens finds in England, because, like Mr. Dickens, whose influence we trace in many pages of her book, she has spent great wealth of genius in the service of humanity, and in her severest mood has written as one who, by the right of love, is entitled to the privilege of censure.

We shall quote very largely from her volume—much more largely than it is our custom in any case to do—because so we shall best exhibit the scope and power of it. It is easy to find fault, and there are many faults which lie upon the surface here, for the most part, perhaps, too obvious to be much worth naming. The story divides itself too freely into scenes and sketches, while its main current is left to run in two parallel lines issuing from the same source, and not again uniting except in the aims and truths enforced. But when we have mentioned this offence against the laws of art we are constrained to add that the book does not really suffer by it. The writer obtains greater facilities for her design, and this, the very soul of the book, keeps up unimpaired the animation and interest of each separate section of its actors.

There may be differences of opinion in minds differently constituted as to the comparative greatness of the many different evils which the slave system includes. Mrs. Stowe, like a warm-hearted woman, dwells most upon the outrage done to all domestic ties among the negroes. We are for our own parts disposed to regard as the chief evil the fact which is sometimes adduced in extenuation of the whole crime against human rights—that under the slave system the negroes have been plunged into such depths of ignorance and brutishness, that they have acquired not only the brute's vices, but in a great measure even the brute's habit of unquestioning content with his position. This degradation of the negroes is abundantly illustrated in Mrs. Stowe's pages; but the delicate feelings represented in those negro characters which play the chief part in her tale—feelings which many negroes have, and of which all are peculiarly capable—come necessarily into the foreground of her picture, and may lead to a partly false impression of the results of slavery in that respect. Uncle Tom himself is too exclusively and purely a martyr spirit. It would not, we think, have weakened Mrs. Stowe's case, if she had added to her pleas for the fugitive slave her regret that flight should be so rare. Not more than two negroes in five thousand yearly have the spirit to attempt to escape. They go to their cabins as the oxen to their stalls. And that by deliberate denial of education, by a long course of debasing treatment, human beings should have been reduced to this—is in our opinion a more horrible result of slavery than even the tearing of the child from the slave parent, or the selling of a husband by auction out of his wife's arms. The debasement of the negroes is by no means omitted from the picture of negro life furnished by Mrs. Stowe, but it is not so prominent as it might fairly have been made.

Our first extract shall be an example of it. Here is Topsy, one of the quaintest little pictures in the story, introduced to Miss Ophelia, a precise and true-hearted old maid, bred to a hatred of the slave-system in Vermont.

"I've made a purchase for your department—see here," said St. Clare; and, with the word, he pulled along a little negro girl, about eight or nine years of age.

She was one of the blackest of her race; and her round, shining eyes, glittering as glass beads, moved with quick and restless glances over everything in the room. Her mouth, half open with astonishment at the wonders of the new Mas'r's parlor, displayed a white and brilliant set of teeth. Her woolly hair was

braided in sundry little tails, which stuck out in every direction. The expression of her face was an odd mixture of shrewdness and cunning, over which was oddly drawn, like a kind of veil, an expression of the most doleful gravity and solemnity. She was dressed in a single filthy, ragged garment, made of bagging, and stood with her hands demurely folded before her. Altogether, there was something odd and goblin-like about her appearance—something, as Miss Ophelia afterwards said, "so heathenish," as to inspire that good lady with utter dismay; and, turning to St. Clare, she said—

"Augustine, what in the world have you brought that thing here for?"

"For you to educate, to be sure, and train in the way she should go: I thought she was rather a funny specimen in the Jim Crow line. Here, Topsy," he added, giving a whistle, as a man would to call the attention of a dog, "give us a song, now, and show us some of your dancing."

The black, glassy eyes glittered with a kind of wicked drollery, and the thing struck up, in a clear shrill voice, an odd negro melody, to which she kept time with her hands and feet spinning round, clapping her hands, knocking her knees together, in a wild, fantastic sort of time, and producing in her throat all those odd guttural sounds which distinguish the native music of her race; and, finally, turning a summerset or two, and giving a prolonged closing note, as odd and unearthly as that of a steam-whistle, she came suddenly down on the carpet, and stood with her hands folded, and a most sanctimonious expression of meekness and solemnity over her face, only broken by the cunning glances which she shot askance from the corners of her eyes.

Miss Ophelia stood silent, perfectly paralyzed with amazement.

St. Clare, like a mischievous fellow as he was, appeared to enjoy her astonishment; and, addressing the child again, said,

"Topsy, this is your new mistress. I'm going to give you up to her; see now that you behave yourself."

"Yes, Mas'r," said Topsy, with sanctimonious gravity, her wicked eyes twinkling as she spoke.

"You're going to be good, Topsy, you understand," said St. Clare.

"O yes, Mas'r," said Topsy, with another twinkle, her hands still devoutly folded.

Miss Ophelia begins her operations.

It is not for ears polite to hear the particulars of the first toilet of a neglected, abused child. In fact, in this world, multitudes must live and die in a state that it would be too great a shock to the nerves of their fellow-mortals even to hear described. Miss Ophelia had a good, strong, practical deal of resolution; and she went through all the disgusting details with heroic thoroughness, though, it must be confessed, with no very gracious air—for endurance was the utmost to which her principles could bring her. When she saw, on the back and shoulders of the child, great welts and calloused spots, ineffaceable marks of the system under which she had grown up thus far, her heart became pitiful within her.

"See there!" said Jane, pointing to the marks, "don't that show she's a limb? We'll have fine works with her, I reckon. I hate these nigger young uns! so disgusting! I wonder that Mas'r would buy her!"

The "young un" alluded to heard all these comments with the subdued and doleful air which seemed habitual to her, only scanning, with a keen and furtive glance of her flickering eyes, the ornaments which Jane wore in her ears. When arrayed at last in a suit of decent and whole clothing, her hair cropped short to her head, Miss Ophelia, with some satisfaction, said she looked more Christian-like than she did, and

in her own mind began to mature some plans for her instruction.

Sitting down before her, she began to question her.

"How old are you, Topsy?"

"Dun no, Missis," said the image, with a grin that showed all her teeth.

"Don't know how old you are? Did n't anybody ever tell you? Who was your mother?"

"Never had none!" said the child with another grin.

"Never had any mother? What do you mean? Where were you born?"

"Never was born!" persisted Topsy, with another grin, that looked so goblin-like, that, if Miss Ophelia had been at all nervous, she might have fancied that she had got hold of some sooty gnome from the land of Diablerie; but Miss Ophelia was not nervous, but plain and business-like, and she said, with some sternness,

"You must n't answer me in that way, child; I'm not playing with you. Tell me where you were born, and who your father and mother were."

"Never was born," reiterated the creature, more emphatically; "never had no father nor mother, nor nothin'. I was raised by a speculator, with lots of others. Old Aunt Sue used to take care on us."

The child was evidently sincere; and Jane, breaking into a short laugh, said,

"Laws, Missis, there's heaps of 'em. Speculators buys 'em up cheap, when they's little, and gets 'em raised for market."

"How long have you lived with your master and mistress?"

"Dun no, Missis."

"Is it a year, or more, or less?"

"Dun no, Missis."

"Laws, Missis, those low negroes—they can't tell; they don't know anything about time," said Jane; "they don't know what a year is; they don't know their own ages."

"Have you ever heard anything about God, Topsy?"

The child looked bewildered, but grinned as usual.

"Do you know who made you?"

"Nobody, as I knows on," said the child, with a short laugh.

The idea appeared to amuse her considerably, for her eyes twinkled, and she added,

"I spects I grow'd. Don't think nobody never made me."

How shocking a catechism of this kind must have appeared to the tutor will be better understood when we have made closer acquaintance with the maiden lady from Vermont. We wish we could quote the picture of the home in which her character was formed; but we must be content with her character itself.

Miss Ophelia, as you now behold her, stands before you, in a very shining brown linen travelling-dress, tall, square-formed, and angular. Her face was thin, and rather sharp in its outlines; the lips compressed, like those of a person who is in the habit of making up her mind definitely on all subjects; while the keen, dark eyes had a peculiarly searching, advised movement, and travelled over everything, as if they were looking for something to take care of.

All her movements were sharp, decided, and energetic; and, though she was never much of a talker, her words were remarkably direct, and to the purpose, when she did speak.

In her habits, she was a living impersonation of order, method, and exactness. In punctuality, she was as inevitable as a clock, and as inexorable as a railroad engine; and she held in most decided contempt and abomination anything of a contrary character.

The great sin of sins, in her eyes—the sum of all evils—was expressed by one very common and im-

portant word in her vocabulary—"shiftlessness." Her finale and ultimatum of contempt consisted in a very emphatic pronunciation of the word "shiftless;" and by this she characterized all modes of procedure which had not a direct and inevitable relation to accomplishment of some purpose then definitely had in mind. People who did nothing, or who did not know exactly what they were going to do, or who did not take the most direct way to accomplish what they set their hands to, were objects of her entire contempt—a contempt shown less frequently by anything she said, than by a kind of stony grimness, as if she scorned to say anything about the matter.

As to mental cultivation—she had a clear, strong, active mind, was well and thoroughly read in history the older English classics, and thought with great strength within certain narrow limits. Her theological tenets were all made up, labelled in the most positive and distinct forms, and put by, like the bundles in her patch trunk; there were just so many of them, and there were never to be any more. So, also, were her ideas with regard to most matters of practical life—such as housekeeping in all its branches, and the various political relations of her native village. And, underlaying all, deeper than anything else, higher and broader, lay the strongest principle of her being—conscientiousness. Nowhere is conscience so dominant and all-absorbing as with New England women. It is the granite formation, which lies deepest, and rises out even to the tops of the highest mountains.

And here is the lady on her voyage to New Orleans in company with her careless southern cousin and his child. This cousin, Augustine St. Clare, we may remark, is one of the very best drawn characters in the story—a naturally kind, high-minded, Christian gentleman, shrewd in argument, just and right in his impulses, but easy, idle, and satisfied to take things as they are, not because he would not willingly amend them, but because he too indolently thinks it a hopeless task. A masterly drawn character indeed.

There she is, sitting now in her state-room, surrounded by a mixed multitude of little and big carpet-bags, boxes, baskets, each containing some separate responsibility which she is tying, binding up, packing, or fastening, with a face of great earnestness.

"Now, Eva, have you kept count of your things? Of course you have n't—children never do; there's the spotted carpet-bag and the little blue band-box with your best bonnet—that's two; then the India rubber satchel is three; and my tape and needle-box is four; and my band-box, five; and my collar-box, six; and that little hair trunk, seven. What have you done with your sunshade? Give it to me, and let me put a paper round it, and tie it to my umbrella, with my shade;—there, now."

"Why, aunty, we are only going up home;—what is the use?"

"To keep it nice, child; people must take care of their things, if they ever mean to have anything; and now, Eva, is your thimble put up?"

"Really, aunty, I don't know."

"Well, never mind; I'll look your box over—thimble, wax, two spoons, scissors, knife, tape-needle; all right—put it in here. What did you ever do, child, when you were coming on with only your papa? I should have thought you'd a lost everything you had."

"Well, aunty, I did lose a great many; and then, when we stopped anywhere, papa would buy some more of whatever it was."

"Mercy on us, child—what a way!"

"It was a very easy way, aunty," said Eva.

"It's a dreadful shiftless one," said aunty.

"Why, aunty, what 'll you do now?" said Eva; "that trunk is too full to be shut down."

"It must shut down," said aunty, with the air of a general, as she squeezed the things in, and sprung upon the lid;—still a little gap remained about the mouth of the trunk.

"Get up here, Eva!" said Miss Ophelia, courageously; "what has been done can be done again. This trunk has got to be shut and locked—there are no two ways about it."

And the trunk, intimidated, doubtless, by this resolute statement, gave in. The hasp snapped sharply in its hole, and Miss Ophelia turned the key, and pocketed it in triumph.

"Now we're ready. Where's your papa? I think it time this baggage was set out. Do look out, Eva, and see if you see your papa."

"O, yes, he's down the other end of the gentlemen's cabin, eating an orange."

"He can't know how near we are coming," said aunty; "had n't you better run and speak to him?"

"Papa never is in a hurry about anything," said Eva, "and we have n't come to the landing. Do step on the guards, aunty. Look! there's our house, up that street!"

The boat now began, with heavy groans, like some vast, tired monster, to prepare to push up among the multiplied steamers at the levee. Eva joyously pointed out the various spires, domes, and way-marks, by which she recognized her native city.

"Yes, yes, dear; very fine," said Miss Ophelia. "But, mercy on us! the boat has stopped! where is your father?"

And now ensues the usual turmoil of landing—waiters running twenty ways at once—men tugging trunks, carpet-bags, boxes—women anxiously calling to their children, and everybody crowding in a dense mass to the plank towards the landing.

Miss Ophelia seated herself resolutely on the lately vanquished trunk, and marshalling all her goods and chattels in fine military order, seemed resolved to defend them to the last.

"Shall I take your trunk, ma'am?" "Shall I take your baggage?" "Let me tend to your baggage, missis!" "Shan't I carry out these yer, missis?" rained down upon her unheeded. She sat with grim determination, upright as a darning-needle stuck in a board, holding on her bundle of umbrella and parasols, and replying with a determination that was enough to strike dismay even into a hackman, wondering to Eva, in each interval, "what upon earth her papa could be thinking of: he could n't have fallen over, now—but something must have happened;"—and just as she had begun to work herself into a real distress, he came up, with his usually careless motion, and, giving Eva a quarter of the orange he was eating, said,

"Well, Cousin Vermont, I suppose you are all ready."

"I've been ready, waiting, nearly an hour," said Miss Ophelia; "I began to be really concerned about you."

"That's a clever fellow, now," said he. "Well, the carriage is waiting, and the crowd are now off, so that one can walk out in a decent and Christian manner, and not be pushed and shoved. Here," he added to a driver who stood behind him, "take these things."

"I'll go and see to his putting them in," said Miss Ophelia.

"O, pahaw, cousin, what's the use?" said St. Clare.

"Well, at any rate, I'll carry this, and this, and this," said Miss Ophelia, singling out three boxes and a small carpet-bag.

"My dear Miss Vermont, positively, you must n't come the Green Mountains over us that way. You must adopt at least a piece of a southern principle,

and not walk out under all that load. They'll take you for a waiting-maid; give them to this fellow; he'll put them down as if they were eggs, now."

Nothing could be more perfect than these sketches of character, and the book abounds in such writing—writing, we must add, which sees fair play on the whole between both races, for nothing can be better than many of its kindly sketches from the slave-holding class. Let us turn to a slave-served household in Kentucky. Women are always keen observers, and when they have, as Mrs. Stowe has in a very large degree, vigor of speech and humor at command, they can produce such vignettes with their pen and ink as are not often issued from the hands of men. Let us enter the cabin of Uncle Tom, who is first introduced to us as a slave in great trust on the plantation of Mr. Shelby, a well-sketchd average Kentucky gentleman.

Let us enter the dwelling. The evening meal at the house is over, and Aunt Chloe, who presided over its preparation as head cook, has left to inferior officers in the kitchen the business of clearing away and washing dishes, and come out into her own snug territories, to "get her ole man's supper;" therefore, doubt not that it is she you see by the fire, presiding with anxious interest over certain frizzling items in a stew-pan, and anon with grave consideration lifting the cover of a bake-kettle, from whence steam forth indubitable intimations of "something good." A round, black, shining face is hers, so glossy as to suggest the idea that she might have been washed over with white of eggs, like one of her own tea rusks. Her whole plump countenance beams with satisfaction and contentment from under her well-starched checked turban, bearing on it, however, if we must confess it, a little of that tinge of self-consciousness which becomes the first cook of the neighborhood, as Aunt Chloe was universally held and acknowledged to be.

A cook she certainly was, in the very bone and centre of her soul. Not a chicken or turkey or duck in the barn-yard but looked grave when they saw her approaching, and seemed evidently to be reflecting on their latter end; and certain it was that she was always meditating on trussing, stuffing and roasting, to a degree that was calculated to inspire terror in any reflecting fowl living. Her corn-cake, in all its varieties of hoe-cake, dodgers, muffins, and other species too numerous to mention, was a sublime mystery to all less practised compounders; and she would shake her fat sides with honest pride and merriment, as she would narrate the fruitless efforts that one and another of her compeers had made to attain to her elevation.

The arrival of the company at the house, the arranging of dinners and suppers "in style," awoke all the energies of her soul; and no sight was more welcome to her than a pile of travelling trunks launched on the verandah, for then she foresaw fresh efforts and fresh triumphs.

Chloe's ole man, Uncle Tom himself, is introduced to the reader in the manner following:

A table, somewhat rheumatic in its limbs, was drawn out in front of the fire, and covered with a cloth, displaying cups and saucers of a decidedly brilliant pattern, with other symptoms of an approaching meal. At this table was seated Uncle Tom, Mr. Shelby's best hand, who, as he is to be the hero of our story, we must daguerreotype for our readers. He was a large, broad-chested, powerfully-made man, of a full glossy black, and a face whose truly African features were characterized by an expression of grave and steady good sense, united with much kindness and benevolence. There was something about his whole



air self-respecting and dignified, yet united with a confiding and humble simplicity.

He was very busily intent at this moment on a slate lying before him, on which he was carefully and slowly endeavoring to accomplish a copy of some letters, in which operation he was overlooked by young Mas'r George, a smart, bright boy of thirteen, who appeared fully to realize the dignity of his position as instructor.

"Not that way, Uncle Tom—not that way," said he, briskly, as Uncle Tom laboriously brought up the tail of his *g* the wrong side out; "that makes a *q*, you see."

"La sakes, now, does it?" said Uncle Tom, looking with a respectful, admiring air, as his young teacher flourishingly scrawled *q*'s and *g*'s innumerable for his edification; and then, taking the pencil in his big heavy fingers, he patiently re-commenced.

"How easy white folks al'us does things!" said Aunt Chloe, pausing while she was greasing a griddle with a scrap of bacon on her fork, and regarding young Master George with pride. "The way he can write, now! and read, too! and then to come out here evenings and read his lessons to us—it 's mighty interestin'!"

"But, Aunt Chloe, I'm getting mighty hungry," said George. "Is n't that cake in the skillet almost done?"

"Mose done, Mas'r George," said Aunt Chloe, lifting the lid and peeping in—"browning beautiful—a real lovely brown. Ah! let me alone for dat. Missis let Sally try to make some cake, t'other day, jes to *larn* her, she said. 'O, go way, Missis,' says I; 'it really hurts my feelin's, now, to see good vittles spilt dat ar way! Cake ris all to one side—no shape at all no more than my shoe;—go way!'"

And with this final expression of contempt for Sally's greenness, Aunt Chloe whipped the cover off the bake-kettle, and disclosed to view a neatly-baked pound-cake, of which no city confectioner need to have been ashamed. This being evidently the central point of the entertainment, Aunt Chloe began now to bustle about earnestly in the supper department.

"Here you, Mose and Pete! get out de way, you niggers! Get away, Polly, honey—mammy 'll give her baby somefin, by and by. Now, Mas'r George, you jest take off dem books, and set down now wid my old man, and I 'll take up de sausages, and have de first griddle full of cakes on your plates in less dan no time."

"They wanted me to come to supper in the house," said George; "but I knew what was what too well for that, Aunt Chloe."

"So you did—so you did, honey," said Aunt Chloe, heaping the smoking batter-cakes on his plate; "you know'd your old aunty 'd keep the best for you. O, let you alone for dat! Go way!" And, with that, aunty gave George a nudge with her finger, designed to be immensely facetious, and turned again to her griddle with great briskness.

"Now for the cake," said Mas'r George, when the activity of the griddle department had somewhat subsided; and, with that, the youngster flourished a large knife over the article in question.

"La bless you, Mas'r George!" said Aunt Chloe, with earnestness, catching his arm, "you would n't be for cuttin' it wid dat ar great heavy knife! Smash all down—spile all de pretty rise of it. Here, I've got a thin old knife, I keeps sharp a purpose. Dar now, see! comes apart light as a feather! Now eat away—you won't get anything to beat dat ar."

"Tom Lincon says," said George, speaking with his mouth full, "that their Jinny is a better cook than you."

"Dem Lincons can't much count, no way!" said Aunt Chloe, contemptuously; "I mean, set along side our folks. They 's 'spectable folks enough in a kinder plain way; but, as to gettin' up anything in

style, they don't begin to have a notion on 't. Set Mas'r Lincon, now, alongside Mas'r Shelby! Good Lor! and Missis Lincon—can she kinder sweep it into a room like my missis—so kinder splendid, yer know? O go way! don't tell me nothin' of dem Lincons!"—and Aunt Chloe tossed her head as one who hoped she did know something of the world.

"Well, though, I've heard you say," said George, "that Jinny was a pretty fair cook."

"So I did," said Aunt Chloe—"I may say dat. Good, plain, common cookin', Jinny 'll do;—make a good pone o' bread—bile her taters *far*—her corn cakes is n't extra, not extra now, Jinny's corn cakes is n't, but then they's *far*—but, Lor, come to de higher branches, and what *can* she do? Why, she makes pies—sartin she does; but what kinder crust? Can she make your real flecky paste, as mels in your mouth, and lies all up like a puff? Now, I went over thar when Miss Mary was gwine to be married, and Jinny she jest showed me de weddin' pies. Jinny and I is good friends, ye know. I never said nothin'; but go long, Mas'r George! Why, I should n't sleep a wink for a week, if I had a batch of pies like dem ar. Why, dey wan't no 'count 't all."

Drawn out by the flatteries of Master George, Aunt Chloe expatiates without reserve upon the topics near her heart, as in this fashion for example:

"Yes, yes—sartin," said Aunt Chloe, delighted; "you 'll see. Lor! to think of some of our dinners! Yer mind dat ar great chicken-pie I made when we giv de dinner to General Knox? I and missis, we come pretty near quarrelling about dat ar crust. What does get into ladies sometimes, I don't know; but, sometimes, when a body has de heaviest kind o' 'sponsibility on 'em, as ye may say, and all is kinder '*seris*' and taken up, dey takes dat ar time to be hangin' round and kinder interferin'! Now, missis, she wanted me to do dis way, and she wanted me to do dat way; and, finally, I got kinder sarey, and, says I, Now, missis, do jist look at them beautiful white hands o' yours, with long fingers, and all a sparkling with rings, like my white lilies when de dew 's on 'em; and look at my great black stumping hands. Now, don't you think dat de Lord must have meant *me* to make de pie-crust, and you to stay in de parlor? Dar! I was jist so sarey, Mas'r George."

"And what did mother say?" said George.

"Say?—why, she kinder larfed in her eyes—dem great handsome eyes o' hern; and, says she, 'Well, Aunt Chloe, I think you are about in the right on 't,' says she; and she went off in de parlor. She oughter cracked me over de head for bein' so sarey; but dar 's whar 't is—I can't do nothin' with ladies in de kitchen!"

The complete acceptance of the slave's position indicated by Aunt Chloe in this last extract, the contempt of their own skin which negroes acquire from the habitual tone adopted by their white oppressors, that element of degradation upon which we have already dwelt, is happily touched in many portions of the book. Here, for example, it is expressed in a direct way, in a conversation between Miss Ophelia and her clear-sighted, amiable, eloquent but too indolent cousin.

"There is no such thing as getting anything like system in this family!"

"To be sure, there is n't," said St. Clare.

"Such shiftless management, such waste, such confusion, I never saw!"

"I dare say you did n't."

"You would not take it so coolly, if you were house-keeper."

"My dear cousin, you may as well understand,

once for all, that we masters are divided into two classes, oppressors and oppressed. We who are good-natured and hate severity make up our minds to a good deal of inconvenience. If we will keep a shambling, loose, untaught set in the community, for our convenience, why, we must take the consequence. Some rare cases I have seen, of persons, who, by a peculiar tact, can produce order and system without severity; but I'm not one of them—and so I made up my mind, long ago, to let things go just as they do. I will not have the poor devils thrashed and cut to pieces, and they know it—and, of course, they know the staff is in their own hands."

"But to have no time, no place, no order—all going on in this shiftless way!"

"My dear Vermont, you natives up by the North Pole set an extravagant value on time! What on earth is the use of time to a fellow who has twice as much of it as he knows what to do with? As to order and system, where there is nothing to be done but to lounge on the sofa and read, an hour sooner or later in breakfast or dinner is n't of much account. Now, there's Dinah gets you a capital dinner—soup, ragout, roast fowl, dessert, ice-creams and all—and she creates it all out of chaos and old night down there, in that kitchen. I think it really sublime, the way she manages. But, Heaven bless us! if we are to go down there, and view all the smoking and squatting about, and hurryscurrying of the preparatory process, we should never eat more! My good cousin, absolve yourself from that! It's more than a Catholic penance, and does no more good. You'll only lose your temper, and utterly confound Dinah. Let her go her own way."

"But, Augustine, you don't know how I find things."

"Don't I? Don't I know that the rolling-pin is under her bed, and the nutmeg-grater in her pocket with her tobacco—that there are sixty-five different sugar-bowls, one in every hole in the house—that she washes dishes with a dinner-napkin one day, and with a fragment of an old petticoat the next? But the upshot is, she gets up glorious dinners, makes superb coffee; and you must judge her as warriors and statesmen are judged, by her success."

"But the waste—the expense!"

"O well! Look everything you can, and keep the key. Give out by dribblets, and never inquire for odds and ends—it is n't best."

"That troubles me, Augustine. I can't help feeling as if these servants were not *strictly honest*. Are you sure they can be relied on?"

Augustine laughed immoderately at the grave and anxious face with which Miss Ophelia propounded the question.

"O, cousin, that's too good—*honest!*—as if that's a thing to be expected! Honest!—why, of course, they ar n't. Why should they be? What upon earth is to make them so?"

"Why don't you instruct?"

"Instruct! O, fiddlestick! What instructing do you think I should do? I look like it! As to Marie, she has spirit enough, to be sure, to kill off a whole plantation, if I'd let her manage; but she would n't get the cheaterly out of them."

"Are there no honest ones?"

"Well, now and then one, whom Nature makes so impracticably simple, truthful, and faithful, that the worst possible influence can't destroy it. But you see, from the mother's breast the colored child feels and sees that there are none but underhand ways open to it. It can get along no other way with its parents, its mistress, its young master and missie playfellows. Cunning and deception become necessary, inevitable habits. It is n't fair to expect anything else of him. He ought not to be punished for it. As to honesty, the slave is kept in that dependent, semi-childish state, that there is no making him realize the rights

of property, or feel that his master's goods are not his own, if he can get them. For my part, I don't see how they can be honest. Such a fellow as Tom here is, is a moral miracle!"

In the light negro talk which accompanies the following sketch of a miserable slave, the same truth is no less emphatically told.

As Miss Ophelia was in the kitchen in the latter part of the afternoon, some of the sable children called out, "La, sakes! thar's Prue a coming, grunting along like she allers does."

A tall, bony colored woman now entered the kitchen, bearing on her head a basket of rusks and hot rolls.

"Ho, Prue! you've come," said Dinah.

Prue had a peculiar scowling expression of countenance, and a sullen, grumbling voice. She set down her basket, squatted herself down, and, resting her elbows on her knees, said,

"O Lord! I wish I's dead!"

"Why do you wish you were dead?" said Miss Ophelia.

"I'd be out o' my misery," said the woman, gruffly, without taking her eyes from the floor.

"What need you getting drunk, then, and cutting up, Prue?" said a spruce quadron chambermaid, dangling, as she spoke, a pair of coral ear-drops.

The woman looked at her with a sour, surly glance. "Maybe you'll come to it, one of these yer days. I'd be glad to see you, I would; then you'll be glad of a drop, like me, to forget your misery."

"Come, Prue," said Dinah, "let's look at your rusks. Here's missis will pay for them."

Miss Ophelia took out a couple of dozen.

"Thar's some tickets in that ar old cracked jug on the top shelf," said Dinah. "You, Jake, climb up and get it down."

"Tickets—what are they for?" said Miss Ophelia.

"We buys tickets of her mas'r, and she gives us bread for 'em."

"And they counts my money and tickets, when I gets home, to see if I's got the change; and if I han't, they half kills me."

"And serves you right," said Jane, the pert chambermaid, "if you will take their money to get drunk on. That's what she does, missis."

"And that's what I will do—I can't live no other ways—drink and forget my misery."

"You are very wicked and very foolish," said Miss Ophelia, "to steal your master's money to make yourself a brute with."

"It's mighty likely, missis; but I will do it—yes, I will. O Lord! I wish I's dead, I do—I wish I's dead, and out of my misery!" and slowly and stiffly the old creature rose, and got her basket on her head again; but before she went out, she looked at the quadron girl, who still stood playing with her ear-drops.

"Ye think that ye're mighty fine with them ar, a frolicin' and a tossin' your head, and a lookin' down on everybody. Well, never mind—you may live to be a poor, old, cut-up crittur, like me. Hope to the Lord ye will, I do; then see if ye won't drink—drink—drink—yourself into torment; and sarve ye right, too—ugh!" and, with a malignant howl, the woman left the room.

"Disgusting old beast!" said Adolph, who was getting his master's shaving-water. "If I was her master, I'd cut her up worse than she is."

"Ye could n't do that ar, no ways," said Dinah. "Her back's a fair sight now—she can't never get a dress together over it."

By the sudden death of their good-natured master, the slaves of St. Clare come to experience the terrors of transition from the state of spoiled children to such servitude as that which poor Prue

had to endure. Prue's private history is thus elicited:

Our friend Tom, who had been in the kitchen during the conversation with the old rusk-woman, had followed her out into the street. He saw her go on, giving every once in a while a suppressed groan. At last she set her basket down on a door-step, and began arranging the old, faded shawl which covered her shoulders.

"I'll carry your basket a piece," said Tom, compassionately.

"Why should ye?" said the woman. "I don't want no help."

"You seem to be sick, or in trouble, or somethin'," said Tom.

"I ain't sick," said the woman, shortly.

"I wish," said Tom, looking at her earnestly—"I wish I could persuade you to leave off drinking. Don't you know it will be the ruin of ye, body and soul?"

"I knows I'm gwine to torment," said the woman, sullenly. "Ye don't need to tell me that ar. I's ugly—I's wicked—I's gwine straight to torment. O, Lord! I wish I's thar!"

Tom shuddered at these frightful words, spoken with a sullen, impassioned earnestness.

"O, Lord have mercy on ye! poor crittur. Han't ye never heard of Jesus Christ?"

"Jesus Christ—who's he?"

"Why, he's the Lord," said Tom.

"I think I've hearn tell o' the Lord, and the judgment and torment. I've heard o' that."

"But did n't anybody ever tell you of the Lord Jesus that loved us poor sinners, and died for us?"

"Don't know nothin' 'bout that," said the woman; "nobody han't never loved me, since my old man died."

"Where was you raised?" said Tom.

"Up in Kentuck. A man kept me to breed chil'en for market, and sold 'em as fast as they got big enough; last of all, he sold me to a speculator, and my mas'r got me o' him."

"What set you into this bad way of drinkin'?"

"To get shet o' my misery. I had one child after I come here; and I thought then I'd have had one to raise, cause mas'r was n't a speculator. It was de peartiest little thing! and missis she seemed to think a heap on 't, at first; it never cried—it was likely and fat. But missis tuck sick, and I tended her; and I tuck the fever, and my milk all left me, and the child it pined to skin and bone, and missis would n't buy milk for it. She would n't hear to me, when I telled her I had n't milk. She said she knowed I could feed it on what other folks eat; and the child kinder pined, and cried, and cried, and cried, day and night, and got all gone to skin and bones, and missis got sot agin it, and she said 't wan't nothin' but crossness. She wished it was dead, she said; and she would n't let me have it o' nights, cause, she said, it kept me awake, and made me good for nothing. She made me sleep in her room; and I had to put it away off in a little kind o' garret, and thar it cried itself to 'death, one night. It did; and I tuck to drinkin', to keep its crying out of my ears! I did—and I will drink! I will, if I go to torment for it! Mas'r says I shall go to torment, and I tell him I've got thar now!"

"O, ye poor crittur!" said Tom, "han't nobody never telled ye how the Lord Jesus loved ye and died for ye? Han't they telled ye that he'll help ye, and ye can go to heaven and have rest, at last?"

"I looks like gwine to heaven," said the woman; "ain't thar where white folks is gwine? S'pose they'd have me thar? I'd rather go to torment, and get away from mas'r and missis. I had so," she said, as, with her usual groan, she got her basket on her head, and walked sullenly away.

Tom turned, and walked sorrowfully back to the

house. In the court he met little Eva—a crown of tuberose on her head, and her eyes radiant with delight.

"O, Tom! here you are. I'm glad I've found you. Papa says you may get out the ponies, and take me in my little new carriage," she said, catching his hand. "But what's the matter, Tom?—you look sober."

"I feel bad, Miss Eva," said Tom, sorrowfully. "But I'll get the horses for you."

"But do tell me, Tom, what is the matter. I saw you talking to cross old Prue."

Tom, in simple, earnest phrase, told Eva the woman's history. She did not exclaim, or wonder, or weep, as other children do. Her cheeks grew pale, and a deep, earnest shadow passed over her eyes. She laid both hands on her bosom, and sighed heavily.

One of the most exquisite creations in the book is that little Eva, who represents in the midst of its dark scenes the ideal purity of childhood.

Marie, St. Clare's wife and Eva's mother, indolent and selfish, and whose selfishness has all the effects and results of the most shocking and deliberate cruelty, is another of the very many characters depicted with the most perfect tact and skill. In the following passage, which belongs to the narration of the arrival of St. Clare and Eva at their home, and the first introduction of Miss Ophelia to the inner life of a slave state, we touch for the first time upon an important element in the American slave question, the prejudice against contact with negroes felt in the northern states.

Eva had flown like a bird through the porch and parlor, to a little boudoir opening likewise on the verandah.

A tall, dark-eyed, sallow woman, half rose from a couch on which she was reclining.

"Mamma!" said Eva, in a sort of rapture, throwing herself on her neck, and embracing her over and over again.

"That 'll do—take care, child—don't you make my head ache!" said the mother, after she had languidly kissed her.

St. Clare came in, embraced his wife in true, orthodox, husbandly fashion, and then presented to her his cousin. Marie lifted her large eyes on her cousin with an air of some curiosity, and received her with languid politeness. A crowd of servants now pressed to the entry door, and among them a middle-aged mulatto woman, of very respectable appearance, stood foremost, in a tremor of expectation and joy at the door.

"Oh, ther's Mammy!" said Eva, as she flew across the room; and, throwing herself into her arms, she kissed her repeatedly.

This woman did not tell her that she made her head ache, but, on the contrary, she hugged her and laughed and cried, till her sanity was a thing to be doubted of; and, when released from her, Eva flew from one to another, shaking hands and kissing, in a way that Miss Ophelia afterwards declared fairly turned her stomach.

"Well!" said Miss Ophelia, "you southern children can do something that I could n't."

"What now, pray?" said St. Clare.

"Well, I want to be kind to everybody, and I would n't have anything hurt; but as to kissing—"

"Niggers," said St. Clare, "that you're not up to; eh?"

"Yes, that's it. How can she?"

Another lesson on the same theme, with a reminder of the childlike temper of the negro:

A gay laugh from the court rang through the silken curtains of the verandah. St. Clare stepped out, and lifting up the curtain laughed too.

"What is it?" said Miss Ophelia, coming to the railing.

There sat Tom, on a mossy seat in the court, every one of his button-holes stuck full of cape jessamines, and Eva, gayly laughing, was hanging a wreath of roses round his neck! and then she sat down on his knee, like a chip sparrow, still laughing.

"O Tom, you look so funny!"

Tom had a sober, benevolent smile, and seemed, in his quiet way, to be enjoying the fun quite as much as his little mistress. He lifted his eyes, when he saw his master, with a half-deprecating, apologetic air.

"How can you let her?" said Miss Ophelia.

"Why not?" said St. Clare.

"Why, I don't know, it seems so dreadful!"

"You would think no harm in a child's caressing a large dog, even if he was black, but a creature that can think, and reason, and feel, and is immortal, you shudder at; confess it, cousin. I know the feeling among some of you northerners well enough. Not that there is a particle of virtue in our not having it; but custom with us does what Christianity ought to do—obliterates the feeling of personal prejudice. I have often noticed, in my travels north, how much stronger this was with you than with us. You loathe them as you would a snake or a toad, yet you are indignant at their wrongs. You would not have them abused, but you don't want to have anything to do with them yourselves. You would send them to Africa out of your sight and smell, and then send a missionary or two to do up all the self-denial of elevating them compendiously. Is n't that it?"

"Well, cousin," said Miss Ophelia thoughtfully, "there may be some truth in this."

"What would the poor and lowly do without children?" said St. Clare, leaning on the railing, and watching Eva as she tripped off, leading Tom with her. "Your little child is your only true democrat. Tom, now, is a hero to Eva; his stories are wonders in her eyes, his songs and Methodist hymns are better than an opera, and the traps and little bits of trash in his pocket a mine of jewels, and he the most wonderful Tom that ever wore a black skin. This is one of the roses of Eden that the Lord has dropped down expressly for the poor and lowly, who get few enough of any other kind."

And further:

"Come here, Tops, you monkey!" said St. Clare, calling the child up to him.

Topsy came up; her round, hard eyes glittering, and blinking with a mixture of apprehensiveness and their usual odd drollery.

"What makes you behave so?" said St. Clare, who could not help being amused with the child's expression.

"Specks it's my wicked heart," said Topsy, demurely; "Miss Feely says so."

"Don't you see how much Miss Ophelia has done for you? She says she has done everything she can think of."

"Lor, yes, mas'r! old missis used to say so too. She whipper me a heap harder, and used to pull my har, and knood my head agin the door; but it did n't do me no good! I 'specks, if they's to pull every spear o' har out o' my head, it would n't do no good neither—I's so wicked! Laws! I's nothin' but a nigger, no ways!"

"Well, I shall have to give her up," said Miss Ophelia; "I can't have that trouble any longer."

"Well, I'd just like to ask one question," said St. Clare.

"What is it?"

"Why, if your Gospel is not strong enough to save one heathen child, that you can have at home here, all to yourself, what's the use of sending one or two poor missionaries off with it among thousands of just

such? I suppose this child is about a fair sample of what thousands of your heathen are."

Miss Ophelia did not make an immediate answer, and Eva, who had stood a silent spectator of the scene thus far, made a silent sign to Topsy to follow her. There was a little glass-room at the corner of the verandah, which St. Clare used as a sort of reading-room; and Eva and Topsy disappeared into this place.

"What's Eva going about now?" said St. Clare; "I mean to see."

And, advancing on tiptoe, he lifted up a curtain that covered the glass-door, and looked in. In a moment, laying his finger on his lips, he made a silent gesture to Miss Ophelia to come and look. There sat the two children on the floor, with their faces towards them—Topsy with her usual air of careless drollery and unconcern: but opposite to her, Eva, her whole face fervent with feeling, and tears in her large eyes.

"What does make you so bad, Topsy? Why won't you try and be good? Don't you love *anybody*, Topsy?"

"Dunno nothing 'bout love; I loves candy and sich, that all," said Topsy.

"But you love your father and mother?"

"Never had none, ye know. I telled ye that, Miss Eva."

"Oh, I know," said Eva sadly; "but had n't you any brother, or sister, or aunt, or—"

"No, none on 'em—never had nothing nor nobody."

"But, Topsy, if you'd only try to be good you might—"

"Could n't never be nothin' but a nigger, if I was ever so good," said Topsy. "If I could be skinned, and come white, I'd try then."

"But people can love you, if you are black, Topsy. Miss Ophelia would love you if you were good."

Topsy gave the short, blunt laugh, that was her common mode of expressing incredulity.

"Don't you think so?" said Eva.

"No; she can't bar me, 'cause I'm a nigger!—she'd 's soon have a toad touch her. There can't nobody love niggers, and niggers can't do nothin'. I don't care," said Topsy, beginning to whistle.

"O Topsy, poor child, I love you!" said Eva, with a sudden burst of feeling, and laying her little, thin, white hand on Topsy's shoulder; "I love you, because you have n't had any father, or mother, or friends—because you've been a poor, abused child! I love you, and I want you to be good. I am very unwell, Topsy, and I think I shan't live a great while, and it really grieves me to have you be so naughty. I wish you would try to be good, for my sake. It's only a little while I shall be with you."

The round, keen eyes of the black child were overcast with tears; large, bright drops rolled heavily down, one by one, and fell on the little white hand. Yes, in that moment a ray of real relief, a ray of heavenly love, had penetrated the darkness of her heathen soul! She laid her head between her knees, and wept and sobbed, while the beautiful child, bending over her, looked like the picture of some bright angel stooping to reclaim a sinner.

A leading feature in the book, considered as a work of art, appears to us to be the consummate skill with which the form of pious most comprehensible among the negroes is represented. Their fervid methodism, the zeal with which their love of music fastens on the old Methodist hymns, and their simple predilection for just those hymns which the attendants on our Sunday schools know to be of the kind most dear to children, are points of character so well developed, and made to harmonize so wholly with the spirit of the book, that they roll out of it upon the heart like organ music, and attain sometimes an effect of absolute sublimity.



In the following passage Uncle Tom and little Eva, whose breath has by this time the pace of death, are to be seen deep in such simple confidence as a pious negro and a spiritual child might have together.

Tom and Eva were seated on a little mossy seat in an arbor, at the foot of the garden. It was Sunday evening, and Eva's Bible lay open on her knee. She read—"And I saw a sea of glass, mingled with fire."

"Tom," said Eva, suddenly stopping, and pointing to the lake, "there 't is."

"What, Miss Eva?"

"Don't you see—there?" said the child, pointing to the glassy water, which, as it rose and fell, reflected the golden glow of the sky. "There 's a 'sea of glass, mingled with fire.'"

"True enough, Miss Eva," said Tom; and Tom sang—

O, had I the wings of the morning,  
I'd fly away to Canaan's shore;  
Bright angels should convey me home,  
To the new Jerusalem.

"Where do you suppose new Jerusalem is, Uncle Tom?" said Eva.

"O, up in the clouds, Miss Eva."

"Then I think I see it," said Eva. "Look in those clouds!—they look like great gates of pearl; and you can see beyond them—far, far off—it 's all gold. Tom, sing about 'spirits bright.'"

Tom sung the words of a well-known Methodist hymn,

I see a band of spirits bright,  
That taste the glories there:  
They all are robed in spotless white,  
And conquering palms they bear.

"Uncle Tom, I've seen *them*," said Eva.

Tom had no doubt of it at all; it did not surprise him in the least. If Eva had told him she had been to heaven, he would have thought it entirely probable.

"They come to me sometimes in my sleep, those spirits;" and Eva's eyes grew dreamy, and she hummed, in a low voice,

They all are robed in spotless white,  
And conquering palms they bear.

"Uncle Tom," said Eva, "I'm going there."

"Where, Miss Eva?"

The child rose, and pointed her little hand to the sky; the glow of evening lit her golden hair and flushed cheek with a kind of unearthly radiance, and her eyes were bent earnestly on the skies.

"I'm going there," she said, "to the spirits bright, Tom; I'm going before long."

Mrs. Stowe, we must add, is less successful, when, towards the close of the story, and as it were to finish matters handsomely with some of the worst specimens of slave-degradation introduced in it, she uses far too freely the supposed power of instant conversion from utter darkness to perfect faith, in which Methodism so abundantly believes. The brutes who flog poor Uncle Tom to death, and the melo-dramatic quadroon slave (Cassy, the character we least like of the whole) who wants to murder her rufian master, are not exactly the subjects of this sort of treatment, and instinctively we cannot but recoil from it.

We had marked for extract some scenes of terrible power descriptive of the lower class of slaveholders, but we must turn from them to a man of another stamp who does more credit to the land of which he is a most characteristic native.

Your Kentuckian of the present day is a good illustration of the doctrine of transmitted instincts and peculiarities. His fathers were mighty hunters—men

who lived in the woods, and slept under the free, open heavens, with the stars to hold their candles; and their descendant to this day always acts as if the house were his camp—wears his hat at all hours, tumbles himself about, and puts his heels on the tops of chairs or mantelpieces, just as his father rolled on the green-sward, and put his upon trees and logs—keeps all the windows and doors open, winter and summer, that he may get air enough for his great lungs—calls everybody "stranger" with *nonchalant bonhomie*, and is altogether the frankest, easiest, most jovial creature living.

Into such an assembly of the free-and-easy our traveller entered. He was a short, thick-set man, carefully dressed, with a round, good-natured countenance, and something rather fussy and particular in his appearance. He was very careful of his valise and umbrella, bringing them in with his own hands, and resisting, pertinaciously, all offers from the various servants to relieve him of them. He looked round the bar-room with rather an anxious air, and, retreating with his valuables to the warmest corner, disposed them under his chair, sat down, and looked rather apprehensively up at the worthy whose heels illustrated the end of the mantelpiece, who was spitting from right to left with a courage and energy rather alarming to gentlemen of weak nerves and particular habits.

"I say, stranger, how are ye?" said the aforesaid gentleman, firing an honorary salute of tobacco-juice in the direction of the new arrival.

"Well, I reckon," was the reply of the other, as he dodged, with some alarm, the threatening honor.

"Any news?" said the respondent, taking out a strip of tobacco and a large hunting-knife from his pocket.

"Not that I know of," said the man.

"Chaw?" said the first speaker, handing the old gentleman a bit of his tobacco, with a decidedly brotherly air.

"No, thank ye; it don't agree with me," said the little man, edging off.

"Don't, eh?" said the other, easily, and stowing away the morsel in his own mouth, in order to keep up the supply of tobacco-juice, for the general benefit of society.

The old gentleman uniformly gave a little start whenever his long-sided brother fired in his direction; and this being observed by his companion, he very good-naturedly turned his artillery to another quarter, and proceeded to storn one of the fire-irons, with a degree of military talent fully sufficient to take a city.

"What 's that?" said the old gentleman, observing some of the company formed in a group around a large handbill.

"Nigger advertised!" said one of the company, briefly.

Mr. Wilson—for that was the old gentleman's name—rose up, and, after carefully adjusting his valise and umbrella, proceeded deliberately to take out his spectacles and fix them on his nose; and, this operation being performed, read as follows:

"Ran away from the subscriber, my mulatto boy, George. Said George six feet in height, a very light mulatto, brown curly hair; is very intelligent, speaks handsomely, can read and write; will probably try to pass for a white man; is deeply scarred on his back and shoulders; has been branded in his right hand with the letter H.

"I will give four hundred dollars for him alive, and the same sum for satisfactory proof that he has been killed."

The old gentleman read this advertisement from end to end, in a low voice, as if he were studying it.

The long-legged veteran, who had been besieging the fire-irons, as before related, now took down his cumbersome length, and, rearing aloft his tall form,

walked up to the advertisement, and very deliberately spat a full discharge of tobacco-juice on it.

"There's my mind upon that!" said he, briefly, and sat down again.

"Why, now, stranger, what's that for?" said mine host.

"I'd do it all the same to the writer of that are paper, if he was here," said the long man, coolly resuming his old employment of cutting tobacco. "Any man that owns a boy like that, and can't find any better way o' treating on him, *déserves* to lose him. Such papers as these is a shame to Kentucky; that's my mind right out if anybody wants to know."

We meet our friend again on board a steamboat where the cabin passengers are talking of a gang of slaves stored on the lower deck.

"It is undoubtedly the intention of Providence that the African race should be servants—kept in a low condition," said a grave-looking gentleman in black, a clergyman, seated by the cabin-door. "'Cursed be Canaan; a servant of servants shall he be,' the Scripture says."

"I say, stranger, is that ar what that text means?" said a tall man, standing by.

"Undoubtedly. It pleased Providence, for some inscrutable reason, to doom the race to bondage ages ago; and we must not set up our opinions against that."

"Well, then, we'll all go a-head and buy up niggers," said the man, "if that's the way of Providence; won't we squire?" said he, turning to Haley, who had been standing, with his hands in his pockets, by the stove, intently listening to the conversation.

"Yes," continued the tall man; "we must all be resigned to the decrees of Providence. Niggers must be sold, and trucked round, and kept under; it's what they's made for. 'Pears like this yer view's quite refreshing, an't it stranger?" said he to Haley.

"I never thought on 't," said Haley. "I could n't have said as much myself; I han't no learning. I took up the trade just to make a living; if 't an't right, I calculated to 'pent on 't in time, ye know."

"And now you'll save yourself the trouble, won't ye?" said the tall man. "See what 'tis, now, to know Scripture. If ye'd only studied yer Bible, like this yer good man, ye might have knowed it before, and saved ye a heap o' trouble. Ye could jist have said, 'Cursed be'—what's his name?—and 't would all have come right." And the stranger, who was no other than the honest drover whom we introduced to our readers in the Kentucky tavern, sat down, and began smoking, with a curious smile on his long, dry face.

A tall, slender young man, with a face expressive of great feeling and intelligence, here broke in, and repeated the words, "'All things whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so unto them.' I suppose," he added, "that is Scripture, as much as 'Cursed be Canaan.'"

"Wal, it seems quite as plain a text, stranger," said John, the drover, "to poor fellows like us, now;" and John smoked on like a volcano.

The young man paused, looked as if he was going to say more, when suddenly the boat stopped, and the company made the usual steamboat rush to see where they were landing.

"Both them ar chaps parsons?" said John to one of the men, as they were going out.

The man nodded.

As the boat stopped, a black woman came running wildly up the plank, darted into the crowd, flew up to where the slave-gang sat, and threw her arms round that unfortunate piece of merchandise before enumerated, "John, aged thirty," and with sobs and tears beseeched him as her husband.

But what needs tell the story, told too oft—every day told—of heartstrings rent and broken—the weak broken and torn for the profit and convenience of the

strong! It needs not to be told; every day is telling it—telling it, too, in the ear of One who is not deaf though He be long silent.

The young man who had spoken for the cause of humanity and God before, stood with folded arms, looking on this scene. He turned, and Haley was standing at his side. "My friend," he said, speaking with thick utterance, "how can you, how dare you, carry on a trade like this? Look at those poor creatures! Here I am, rejoicing in my heart that I am going home to my wife and child! and the same bell which is a signal to carry me onward towards them will part this poor man and his wife forever. Depend upon it, God will bring you into judgment for this."

The trader turned away in silence.

"I say, now," said the drover, touching his elbow, "there's differences in parsons, ain't there? 'Cursed be Canaan' don't seem to go down with this 'un, does it?"

Haley gave an uneasy growl.

"And that ar an't the worst on 't," said John; "mabbe it won't go down with the Lord, neither, when ye come to settle with Him, one of these days, as all on us must, I reckon."

Haley walked reflectively to the other end of the boat.

"If I make pretty handsomely on one or two next gangs," he thought, "I reckon I'll stop off this yer; it's really getting dangerous." And he took out his pocket-book, and began adding over his accounts, a process which many gentlemen besides Mr. Haley have found a specific for an uneasy conscience.

The boat swept proudly away from the shore, and all went on merrily, as before. Men talked, and loafed, and read, and smoked. Women sewed, and children played, and the boat passed on her way.

We have quoted at unexampled length from this book, since we are not only desirous that a work in every respect so remarkable should through our pages recommend itself to the utmost, but we are glad also to transfer to our columns protests against slavery so genuine as those of Mrs. Stowe. She writes from a full mind and out of a full experience. Even now we cannot lay the volume down without quoting from its delightful sketch of a member of the senate who lives on the border between the slave and free states, and who, after voting, on the most patriotic principles, for the Fugitive Slave Act, commits the grossest violation of it under an impulse his good heart cannot resist. He has a nice little wife, who has been arguing the point with him might and main, when the sudden appeal of a fugitive mother oversets all his theories and patriotisms. She has fled to escape the consequences of a sale by which her child was to have been parted from her, and the senator resolves to carry her and her boy on the instant to a place of safety. Charming little Mrs. Bird does not reproach him with his inconsistency or clinch the triumph of her argument. Each silently assists the other to make the escape more sure. How very beautiful is this incident!

"Your heart is better than your head, in this case, John," said the wife, laying her white hand on his. "Could I ever have loved you, had I not known you better than you know yourself?" And the little woman looked so handsome, with the tears sparkling in her eyes, that the senator thought he must be a decidedly clever fellow to get such a pretty creature into such a passionate admiration of him; and so, what could he do but walk off soberly to see about the carriage? At the door, however, he stopped a moment, and then coming back, he said, with some hesitation—

"Mary, I don't know how you'd feel about it, but

there's the drawer full of things—of—of—poor little Henry's." So saying, he turned quickly on his heel, and shut the door after him.

His wife opened the little bed-room door adjoining her room, and, taking the candle, set it down on the top of a bureau there; then from a small recess she took a key, and put it thoughtfully in the lock of a drawer, and made a sudden pause, while two boys, who, boy-like, had followed close on her heels, stood looking, with silent, significant glances, at their mother. And, O mother that reads this, has there never been in your house a drawer, or a closet, the opening of which has been to you like the opening again of a little grave? Ah! happy mother that you are if it has not been so!

Mrs. Bird slowly opened the drawer. There were little coats of many a form and pattern, piles of aprons, and rows of small stockings; and even a pair of little shoes, worn and rubbed at the toes, were peeping from the folds of a paper. There was a toy horse and wagon, a top, a ball—memorials gathered with many a tear and many a heart-break! She sat down by the drawer, and, leaning her head on her hands over it, wept till her tears fell through her fingers into the drawer; then, suddenly raising her head, she began, with nervous haste, selecting the plainest and most substantial articles, and gathering them into a bundle.

"Mamma," said one of the boys, gently touching her arm, "are you going to give away those things?"

"My dear boys," she said softly and earnestly, "if our dear, loving little Henry looks down from heaven, he would be glad to have us do this. I could not find it in my heart to give them away to any common person—to anybody that was happy; but I give them to a mother more heart-broken and sorrowful than I am; and I hope God will send His blessings with them!"

There are in this world blessed souls, whose sorrows all spring up into joys for others; whose earthly hopes, laid in the grave with many tears, are the seed from which spring healing flowers and balm for the desolate and the distressed. Among such was the delicate woman who sits there by the lamp, dropping slow tears, while she prepares the memorials of her own lost one for the outcast wanderer.

Who will doubt, after reading these extracts, that Mrs. Stowe has not only done high service to the world by this book, but has also assured for herself a permanent position in the front rank of the writers of America?

It is just to add that the English edition now before us, published by Mr. Bosworth, is the only one on this side of the channel in the sale of which the authoress has direct interest. It is a well printed octavo, suitable to the library shelf, and sold at a price likely to tempt the most exacting lovers of cheap literature.

#### A LOST PRINCE.

THE *Constitutionnel* contains the following strange article, under the title "*Un Prince perdu*:"—

"Romance remains often below reality, and the kingdoms of the Opéra Comique, which are so fertile in unexpected revolutions, can scarcely support a comparison with one of the little States of Italy. Scenes have passed in that state worthy of the pen of a novelist, or the songs of a musician. We refer to the little Duchy of Parma, which has a population of 500,000 souls, and an army of 81 soldiers, not including officers. The Duke of Parma is a young prince, who has inherited the fantastic humor as well as the States of his father. He has always been full of *ennui* in his duchy, and as *ennui* is a bad counsellor, Charles III. has not been severe as to the choice of his amusements; he has often,

in fact, amused himself as a private individual but has done so discreetly. To complete his ill-luck, he was married, for reasons of state, and somewhat against his will, to a princess older than himself, who turned to melancholy at an early age from misfortune and exile. The Court of Parma, therefore, was never gay, and there appeared from time to time conjugal scenes which caused the young duke to go and plant his solitary tent at the extremity of his States—though that, to be sure, was not far from the conjugal residence. But he was never permitted to sulk long; his mother-in-law always interfered, scolded, lectured, and, as a last argument, threatened to appeal to the Court of Vienna, and provisionally to Radetzki. He was accordingly forced to return, and to become reconciled to his wife; but a new quarrel broke out a week after. Some time ago, after a series of scenes, scoldings, and lectures, the young duke learned that his three censors—his mother-in-law, wife, and aunt—definitively despaired of making him a prudent, orderly, well-behaved sovereign, attending mass in the morning, gravely presiding over a shadowy council with imaginary ministers, taking his four meals in the uniform of an Austrian General, and passing in review, after vespers on Sundays, his 81 men—instead of occupying himself with horses and sport, and in breeding white rabbits. He knew that they had sounded all his relations, had written to Vienna, and flattered themselves on obtaining the support of the emperor to place him under interdiction, and to transfer to his wife, or rather to his mother-in-law, the administration of his States. A suspicious activity in the offices of the war department caused him to think that they might concentrate in his capital the three or four brigades of gendarmerie who maintain good order in his States, in order to confine him to his palace. The young duke, who wished to remain master at home, resolved to decamp. He left for Placentia under pretext of inspection, and took his two aides-de-camp with him. There he remembered that he had forgotten some important affairs, and sent off his two aides-de-camp, on horseback, with immense despatches covered with the ducal seal. He recommended them to make the greatest haste. Each hurried to his destination, and delivered his despatch. The first, addressed to the mother-in-law of the duke, contained a fine sheet of plain paper; the second, addressed to the first minister, invested Thomas Ward, the duke's confidential agent, with full powers, and the title of Regent. As to the duke himself, not only did the aides-de-camp not find him on their return, but since then no one has seen him, nor heard speak of him. No one knows whether he has thrown himself into the Po, or gone on a pilgrimage. Politicians suppose that he has only gained a march on his accusers, and has gone to Vienna to plead his cause himself before the emperor. *En attendant* the finding of the duke we will say a few words of the Regent to whom he has confided the government of Parma. Thomas Ward, as his name indicates, is an Englishman. He is a native of Yorkshire, and began his career as a groom in the stables of the father of the present Duke of Parma. The duke, on his return to his States, took with him Mr. Ward, who had become, little by little, the chief of his stables, and who had put them into good order. The duke, who flattered himself that he could govern his subjects admirably, though he could not manage a horse, began to think that Mr. Ward must be peculiarly qualified to manage men, and he made him his private counsellor, never doing

anything without consulting him. Mr. Ward formed the duke's stables, which were unrivalled in Italy, and found the means of reducing the expense one-half. This made the duke conclude that he had in his hand the best minister of finance. Thus Mr. Ward became by degrees the duke's factotum, or rather under his name the veritable Sovereign of Lucca. Let us hope that the Court of Vienna will find the lost duke, and that, leaving every one in his place, it will allow Mr. Ward to continue to govern, the duke to preside over races, and the duchess to make opposition and embroidery."

A HIGHLANDER'S CAREER IN AUSTRALIA.—The following romantic and interesting adventure is well worth perusal. The individual to whom dame Fortune was so lavish with her gifts left Inverness about fourteen years ago, where he carried on the business of a butcher. Having made up his mind to emigrate to Australia, he prevailed upon a brother-in-law of his, with his family, to accompany him. The party sailed together from Inverness, and arrived in London all safe. The day following they strolled to view the wonders of the metropolis, and, in doing so, and as fate would have it, were not destined to sail together for Australia in the same vessel, having lost each other. The extent and intricacies of the streets of London defied our hero, Hugh Macgregor, *alias* Huistean Beag, to find his brother-in-law and wife, although he continued searching for them from morning till night for seven days; but all was in vain. Hugh was in a sad condition at the sudden and unaccountable disappearance of his sister and her husband. However, believing a further search for them would be useless, and besides, his means being but scanty, he at once resolved, without any further delay, to sail for Australia, which he did on the evening of the seventh day. His brother-in-law and his wife also gave it up as a hopeless case to recover their relative, and, after a diligent search for him for two days, sailed for Australia, being thus five days ahead on their voyage over Huistean Beag, or little Hugh. However, it happened that both vessels arrived at Port Phillip the same day, one in the morning and the other in the evening. Hugh, being on board the latter, on going ashore, learned that there were some Highland emigrants on board the former vessel, among whom he was informed there were individuals who exactly corresponded with the description he had given of his relatives. However, as in London, Hugh was equally unfortunate in discovering them, although he continued for three days his search in and about the neighborhood of Port Phillip. The reason was obvious. The brother-in-law engaged as a shepherd about an hour after landing, and went far into the interior, and it was not until Macgregor had received a letter from his friends in Inverness informing him of their safe arrival in Port Phillip, and subsequent engagement and prosperity there, that he was satisfied of their being in the same colony with himself. According to the last accounts they did not meet, but we have no doubt that now, since fortune has smiled in abundance on Macgregor, they will once more see each other to relate the strange adventure of their separation in London, and subsequent prosperity in the land of their adoption. Macgregor, *alias* Huistean Beag, after having served faithfully for a few years, by which he accumulated some little money, purchased a piece of land. This land being in close proximity to the gold regions, it occurred to him to make an attempt, like others, in quest of the valuable metal. His success was beyond his expectations, and it turned out that it was among the most valuable properties in the district. The news having spread like wildfire through the country, it may be imagined Macgregor received many offers for permission to dig, but refused all. At length a company came forward who offered

him the enormous sum of 80,000*l.*, which was accepted, and Huistean Beag retired from a life of activity to enjoy the fruits of his hurriedly-acquired fortune. Such fortune, so easily acquired, but seldom falls to the lot of mortals, and the news of Hugh's success having been lately received in Inverness, and in his native district, gave such a stimulus to all those who could muster the "tin" to proceed to Australia, that last week about one hundred and twenty persons left that town, many of whom were the relations and acquaintances of Hugh Macgregor, *alias* Huistean Beag.—*Rosshire Observer*.

#### "IN HEAVEN THEIR ANGELS BEHOLD THE FACE OF MY FATHER."

SILENCE filled the court of heaven, hushed were angels' harp and tone,  
While a new-born spirit knelt before the eternal throne.  
As his small white hands were lifted—clasped—as if in earnest prayer,  
Light, from the full fount of glory, on his robes of brightness glistened,  
And the white-winged seraphs round him bowed their radiant heads and listened.

Lord, from thy world of glory here,  
My heart turns fondly to another;  
Oh! Lord, our God—the Comforter,  
Comfort—comfort my sweet mother.  
Many sorrows thou hast sent her,  
Meekly has she drained the cup,  
And the jewels thou hast lent her,  
Unrepining yielded up;  
Comfort—comfort my sweet mother.

Earth is growing lonely round her,  
Friend and lover thou hast taken;  
Let her not, though clouds surround her,  
Feel herself by thee forsaken.  
Let her think, while faint and weary,  
We are waiting for her here;  
Let each thought that makes life dreary,  
Make the thought of heaven more dear.

Saviour, thou, in nature human,  
Dwelt on earth, a little child,  
Pillowed on the breast of woman,  
Blessed Mary, undefiled;  
Thou who from the cross of suffering,  
Viewed thy mother's gentle face—  
And bequeathed her to thy loved one,  
Bidding him to fill thy place,  
Comfort—comfort my sweet mother.

Thou, who from the heavens descending;  
Tears, and woes, and suffering won;  
Thou who, nature's laws suspending,  
Gave the widow back her son;  
Thou who, at the grave of Lazarus,  
Wept with those who wept their dead;  
Thou, who once in mortal anguish,  
Bowed thine own anointed head,  
Comfort—comfort my sweet mother.

The dove-like murmur died away, upon the evening air,  
Yet still the little suppliant knelt, with hands still clasped in prayer.  
Still, with the softly-pleading eyes turned to the sapphire throne—  
While angel harp and angel voice rang out in mingled tone—  
And as the choral numbers swelled, by angel voices given,  
High, loud and clear the anthem rolled, through all the courts of heaven—  
"He is the widow's God," it said, "who spared not his Son."  
The infant spirit bowed its head—"Thy will, O God, be done."



From *Tait's Magazine*.

## THE LOVES OF AN APOTHECARY.

As John Godwin entered Christ's Hospital so he left it, with no other friends than an uncle who was a Kentish miller, and an understanding which, if it was impermeable to much learning, retained and fostered whatever at any time it received. A stolid, quiet, precocious boy, with a generous and simple heart, in which strong self-will was seated at depths seldom disturbed, with an original imagination of which he was always unconscious, with a new suit of clothes, a tall hat, and six shillings in a clothes-box, he was articulated to an apothecary. This suit being worn out, another supplied its place; when this in its turn got threadbare, the process of renewal, not without ceremony, was repeated; and, with the best intentions to the contrary, that is as much as the most partial biographer could write of John Godwin's life for some years. It is true that, in like manner, new notions and ideas, what may be called the provisional phases of manhood, were rapidly worn out and replaced; for every year between fifteen and twenty is itself a distinct era. It is also true, by the bye, that at seventeen he fell in love, desperately and sincerely, with a lady thirteen years his senior, whose great recommendation consisted not so much in an imposing, handsome person as in a baby.

This lady, neither married nor a widow, was somehow connected with the family of his master, and came often to the little parlor behind the shop, whence John, peeping over the muslin curtain, used to throw bashful glances on her as she sat silent and abstracted by the fireside—silent, and with much sorrow in her great brown eyes. Indeed, she lived and moved in an atmosphere of sorrow; it seemed to encompass her in palpable clouds; so that one even felt her presence at the door before she entered in. A fearless Niobe, deserted and betrayed—a victim, so the little bird said, of a too intense devotion for a student in medicine—John wept for her, pitied her, loved her. When at church, it was the story of the Magdalen, that beautiful story, which kept his eyes on the book all service-time. Putting the shutters up at night, he took long solitary walks that, alone with Nature in suburban squares, he might dwell upon his Magdalen; or hastily retiring to bed, there, on the extreme verge of the bedstead, his arms extended into vacancy and night, he would send forth his imagination to feed like a ghoul on the quivering carcases of Susan's joys. "Now," he would exclaim, and strike his head emphatically upon the pillow—"Now, in her sleeping-apartment, at 17, Jemima-street, Pentonville, she is tossing wildly on her bed, tearful, passionate, delirious, while Grief wrestles with Sleep!—Now!" And looking through darkness and the intricacy of streets, he contemplated this picture of 17, Jemima-street, until it faded into another, in which, having succeeded in reviving the confidence of Susan in the love and honor of man, he was represented as taking unto himself that crushed flower, fostering it into renewed radiance and fragrance, more lasting and more grateful, if more subdued.

John never told his love, for pecuniary reasons. Indeed, it lasted but six weeks, though, considering the instability of sentiment at seventeen, even that period was an age for such fervor to endure. As the lady's melancholy, however, began visibly to subside, John's fervor subsided also; and collapsed altogether when, at the expiration of three

months or so, she went on a pleasure-excursion to Brighton with another student of medicine, and remained there with a distant and hitherto unknown relation.

The young apothecary soon learned to laugh supremely at this piece of extravagance, palliating his shame by repeating that, to the young, love and folly are constant companions; that a girl like his must always have some object of adoration, whether foolish or otherwise. His own experience entirely warranted the dictum at any rate; for he had had a sweetheart as soon as he was consummately breeched—a sweetheart who almost broke his heart by dividing an orange in his presence with a little boy who had the advantage over him in wearing large filled collars. Again, in tenderest boyhood, he became possessed with an intense affection for the very tall daughter of a police-sergeant; but she despised him for his stockings. Rising thereat in indignant pride, he resolved at once to make himself renowned, that when Fame should so bruit his merits in the general ear that even the daughter of the policeman should hear the blast, she might learn painfully, and, alas! too late, that genius is not to be judged by its stockings. In pursuit of this end, he forthwith indited some affecting "Lines to E——n," which were declined with thanks by the editor of the "Gentleman's Magazine," mainly in consequence of their being inscribed on paper with an ornamental border and embellished with original designs, curiously colored. This failure disgusted him with the Muses, especially as he himself half suspected a lack of the poetical heaven. So he determined to turn the current of his ambition into channels better suited to it; and thus, begun out of desire to assuage the wounds his pride had received through the medium of his stockings, and continued afterwards for its own sake and by natural bias, he managed to pursue the science of chemistry to very great lengths.

Boyhood, however, with all the follies and crudities of the outer boy, and much of the keen feeling, the trust, the ever misconstrued delicacies of the inner, has now gone by with the young apothecary. He puts all his youth behind him to-day, and advances into steady manhood; for to-morrow he is to be married. That fact fills his shop, and every nook of every chamber thereto pertaining; but particularly in the kitchen, where the fat fingers of the little maid are busy with the promising skeleton of a new cap and many yards of white and blue ribbon, and in the shop-parlor, where John sits communing with his soul, the circumambient air is prophetic of it. This shop, it should be said, expensively furnished with such means as his careful mother beguiled her years of widowhood in accumulating for some such purpose, John had entered upon only a few months since. His customers, hitherto, were discouragingly few, perhaps in consequence of his having chosen Doctors' Commons as the probable Tom Tiddler's ground of his future fortunes; not eligible ground for an apothecary. So he resolved on getting married. He had observed, he said, that "things frequently took a turn" upon such events; and this was the reason he assigned to himself for taking the step at this time. But there were many others.

John sits communing with his soul. It had surprised him, it had struck him more than once with a kind of superstitious suspicion, that even up to the very eve of his marriage some evil or perhaps good influence—he thought about it, but still

doubted—seemed always to withdraw his mind from the subject. But bidding his boy—who, lost under a desk, his hands buried anxiously in his hair, had forgotten even the dignity due to his new livery in the perusal of a novel—bidding his boy attend carefully to the shop, and calling his handmaid from below to light the lamp and trim the fire, he now sat down to “have a good serious think.”

To think, and think hard on all things, was common to the bridegroom; and, seated in his easy chair, all quiet, he began to inquire within himself—how long it would be before the last button of his boy’s jacket would be gambled away with a leaden “nicker!” “Good Heavens!” he exclaimed, suddenly arresting the panorama, alarmed at the puerility of the thing at such a moment; and, rising, he extinguished the light, drew his chair closer to the fire again, to try if the dusk would not soothe him to soberness. Half an hour later, when the buttoned Mercury emerged from beneath the shadow of the desk, breathing hard and looking stealthily into all dark corners where any cloaked bravo such as he had just parted company with might possibly be lurking, at length, reassured, peered through the window to discover what the governor was about, he found the governor thoughtfully posed indeed. His tall figure, clad in a sad-colored raiment, disposed carelessly in the cushioned chair, his countenance, handsome but rough-cast, bent full upon the ruddy firelight, while he lazily balanced the burnished poker on his forefinger, he looked a very real if not a very conventional image of abstraction.

A well-regulated memory has been likened to the best-regulated household—a bee-hive. It is said to contain a myriad of little cells, in which are carefully stored away all our treasures, all the sweetness we have gathered in bright days and hours, to be drawn forth thence on drowsy evenings or wakeful nights—enjoyed, and restored. In the memory of our young bridegroom, a hundred little chambers at once now gave up their precious things. From remotest and darkest nooks, from the very dungeons of the hive, where they had been stored because they were so precious as to be painful to look on, they now came pouring pell-mell in bountiful confusion; and in all a beautiful young face, lit up with gold-brown eyes, and shaded by gold-brown hair, came and went in a wonderful fragmentary way. For now a massy curl, drooping over his shoulder as together they bend to read from one book; and now her eyes, with a sudden illumination of love and mirth, railing at him; and now her lips, closed to reproach him in silence, or half-parted and half-pouted to receive his greeting kiss—alone filled the entire picture. In vain he endeavored to bring steadily before his eyes the integrate sweetness of that face, where a morning radiance rested all day long. Once and again, indeed, he seemed almost to accomplish his desire; and he glanced shyly at the portrait looming dimly on his vision, lest by gazing too earnestly he should disperse it. And, in a moment, the features were all rubbed out; again only a curl drooped on his shoulder, or two eyes smiled up to him, with various and fitfully-remembered meaning, out of blank darkness.

In equal hurry and confusion, the remembrance of past scenes, and groupings, and events, where still the one fair face looked grave or gay, whirled through the dreamer’s mind. Meetings and partings, the last and the first—summer lanes and

winter hearths—morning and evening all rendered up their souvenirs in sad chronological order, regardless of the unities of the pastoral to which they belonged. An old gabled house in the northern suburbs, some ten miles from St. Paul’s, was, however, the chief scene of his wedding-eve reminiscences. A snug old house, stuck full of little square dull-eyed casements, it was nursed and shaded in its declining age in shrubby lawns and flower-beds—in rows of elms and straggly sycamore, with fragrant lilac and the golden abundance of laburnum-trees. House and garden, it was a very place of leaves. Except a small paddock in the rear, where an old gray horse used to stand reflectively by the hour, as still as the horse of wood over the neighboring inn, everywhere were dusty leaves or spruce flowers. On the walls, peeping in at the windows—clinging round one chimney-pot and drooping from another—lying in wait at doors, overhanging paths, topping the mossy garden-wall, and stealing under the great, shabby wooden carriage-gate where carriage never deigned to enter—box and briar and creeping plants abounded. But it was beneath the parlor windows that, like well-fed Babes in the Wood, the flowering plants clustered and prospered; nowhere beyond, except in the windows of the chambers above. In one especially. It was at the west side of the house, high up (does n’t John Godwin remember it?), and looked down the road leading from the city, smiling radiantly. Balsams and old-fashioned scarlet-flowered geraniums, a hot, martial-looking cactus, specimens of that perfect type of blooming English womanhood, the rose, and some novelty with a lengthy Latin name, were gathered there in bright companionship—all the brighter when fanned by the snowy curtain as it flapped pleasantly above in the early morning breeze.

And if this little window high up in the old house smiled radiantly upon all the dusty wanderers who came out of London so far in search of “a mouthful of air,” the elect bridegroom, still balancing the poker there, could tell you with what special radiance it looked all down the road on him. That part of the story is what he is now recalling. How, in summer mornings, sunny and still, he used to rise with the lark; how, hours before he could display the advantages of those operations, he got himself starched and pomatumed one or two degrees beyond good taste, perhaps, as he doubts now; but then some anticipation was to be made for the damages of a two hours’ walk. How, at the earliest moment, almost breakfastless—for his heart by this time had overrun his stomach—he started off to spend the blessed day of rest with Jessy, to take Jessy to church. Jessy owned the bright brown eyes and the locks of bright brown hair: a compact little goddess of eighteen—a laughing, blooming, deep-hearted and very sensible little goddess, whom to worship were honor; and she used sometimes to peep through the branches of the geraniums on such Sunday mornings, to see whether her “dear boy” were coming; for the little window was the window of her chamber. Jessy innocently imagined that her dear boy had never caught her peeping: she was mistaken; and the bridegroom smiles very grimly, for a bridegroom, as he remembers that fact. And how, having walked his last mile leisurely—for, from a foolish pride, he wished Jessy to believe that the coach had conveyed him to the end of the road, and therefore, endeavored to make his ap-

pearance as cool as possible—how, having walked his last mile leisurely, and flaunted the dust from his clothes, he suddenly turned an angle, and, coming at once in sight, distinguished at the distance of a quarter-mile whether she looked for his coming. If so, though pretending not to see her, all the graces of which he was master were at once put in requisition, up to the last opportunity in a graceful rat-tat-tat at the door.

There was not such a moment in any week as that which elapsed between this rapping at the door and the opening of it. A world of tumult and impatience and hesitation was compressed in that small instant; 't was precisely such a hurly-burly of feeling as that which caused his fingers to tremble over the unbroken seal of the first letter he received from her; and loving-kindness always followed the opening of the door as it had followed the opening of the seal. Even dreaming these scenes into renewed life, Godwin hastened thus to arrive at the porch; for on the threshold he will meet, not the good old servant—she knows well enough how impertinent it would be to answer such a knock as that; but, listening, he hears light, swift feet come pit-a-pat pat-a-pat down the stairs, with just a little jump to finish, the door is flung wide open, and there stands the flower-goddess smiling and shaking her curls, her face irradiated with a positive glory of happiness, only softened by the faintest and least shamefaced of blushes. They say nothing at present; but while with one hand she closes the door, the other is placed upon his shoulder, and, a-tiptoe, she bestows a sharp, uncertain little kiss upon his cheek; whereupon they find themselves in the parlor.

When that sturdy old Viking, Jessy's papa, makes his appearance, they all go to church; but this the sturdy old Viking does not till the latest moment, defeating his object therein by storming the room door just, maybe, as Godwin insists upon tying the strings of Jessy's bonnet, and while, laughing and blushing, she uplifts the white round chin in a naughty, ambiguous way, to assist (or confuse) the operation. For halfpay-captain Burton, a man of war when grog, bluster, and the cat were national bulwarks—brown, boisterous, and the most tarry of tars—was at the same time the most bashful person concerned in the love between his daughter and John Godwin, principally or remotely. When full twelve months had elapsed since the evening that, restlessly pondering the matter upon stepping into bed, he had confirmed his suspicions in a nervous conversation with his wife that John was a-wearing up to our Jess, that nervousness still continued. Not a word in reference to the subject had he ever uttered to his daughter, or to any one after that dreadful evening; for, with a vasty sigh, he then felt himself compelled to avow that he had no reason to say nay if Jess said yea, which her mother communicated to her by and by, when Jessie sought her confidence, and which the affectionate little flower-goddess revealed to her dear boy one anxious dusky evening with all her delicacy. And so the matter settled itself; but Captain Burton at once took to the thoughtful and uncongenial pursuit of angling, and so enthusiastically that, though quite unsuccessful, he did not meet his daughter at breakfast for an entire fortnight. With the countenance of a cheerful martyr, he went up and down into all the chambers of the house, whistling or humming notes that had no pretence to cohesion, or harmony, or to anything but doleful monotony, and

in a thousand other ways displayed the wretchedness of his mind.

And long after the lovers—from frequent communion and from other causes well wotted of by old and young—had outgrown the restraints of bashfulness, and were become sister and brother in manner and wedded in heart, the old sea-captain still felt qualmish on the approach of John's visits. So it was that on Sunday mornings he usually delayed his greeting to the last moment, when, his grisly hair brushed no way in particular, and tucked under the brim of a very rakish and curly-looking hat, he was prepared to accompany them to church. Along the dusty, pebbly footpath, with here a church-going worshipper from the cottage, and there a church-going worshipper from the hall, the school-children defiling irregularly and dustily in the road; across the common—down the long lane, shadowed, almost darkened, by trees that overhung from high and weedy banks on either side, where birds chattered and sung, and the church-bells rang with softened resonance; at the end the sunshine gloriously outspread, with the tumble-down old church and the tumble-down old gravestones drowsing in the midst; and all like a picture framed in the foliage of the lane. Pleasant enough in reality and destitute of association, that walk was beautiful indeed as remembered by the apothecary. Cool summer airs floated past his face, the freshness of morning moistened on his lips, in his eyes was light, in his heart all happiness, as the recollection rose in fulness before the dreaming bridegroom, and passed gently away. Again as they entered the porch together, in the shadow of a real and earnest thoughtfulness; again as together they knelt down; again as organ and children intoned an old meandering psalm, that ever found an easy path from earth to heaven—the memory came with a shock like electricity and left him confusedly trembling. And the loose afternoon rambles while papa dozed, the botanical excursions into all the shady, shrubby nooks of the garden, where Jessy gathered her hair under that wonderful muslin scarf—pleasant converse or pleasanter silence by open windows, when rain-drops drummed among the leaves—cozy evenings when, determined to be happy (for at heart he was almost as proud of Godwin's frank openheartedness and sound intelligence as his daughter), the old captain brought forth a tobacco-pouch that might also have served for a carpet-bag, mixed a pint of grog in a half-gallon bowl, and sat down to talk morals and politics over the table with his guest, while, at the same time, beneath the shadow of the table, the joined hands of Jessy and the happy guest talked love—sad ceremonial suppers, for parting had to follow—parting itself, when Jessy and her father accompanied him into the porch, and her father wandered uneasily somewhere out of it, and Jessy shook hands with her dear boy where the shadow was deepest, returned his salute with modest fervor, and accompanied her final "God bless you" by a glance lingering and tremulous—and that was the end.

That was the end. The hollow fire broke down sullenly in ruins, and the bridegroom rose slowly to his feet much troubled. But meeting the reflection of his face full in the chimney-glass, he sat down again still more troubled; for the emotion he saw there spoke accusingly. Many months these recollections had lain nearly dormant in his mind, he had thrown them off uneasily from time to time; and to-night, when, more than all days

and nights in the past year, he ought least to indulge them, least to be troubled by them or yearn to them, what right had they to swarm all the avenues of thought in this way! Jessy Burton was a dead name, the old house a mere haunted house, so far as he was now concerned. Had they not quarrelled and parted long ago! And whose fault was that but Jessy's? True, his part in the quarrel had been the most active, and she might, perhaps, accuse him of caprice, or something of that sort; but then she had been very passive, and seemed to care very little—he had never seen her cry, or look reproachful, even when matters had come to a crisis; she had very quietly received back all her notes (quite a little heap they were, square and three-cornered, scented and unscented, neatly-written notes, and some with words sprawling all about the paper, still "In haste—Yours," and one with some dead leaves in it)—and did not return his letters in reply. From which, of course, any one could only assume that they had mutually—got —

Well, suppose we think no more about it. Jessy could not work such a pair of slippers as that; and Godwin planted his feet, slippers and all, on each side of the fireplace. Nor could she embroider such chair-covers, or work such curtains, or cut such lamp-screens, or finger the piano so rapidly as Sybilla—nothing like it; he became acquainted with Sybilla two whole months before he parted with Jessy, and therefore he had opportunities of immediate comparison, and ought to know. Sybilla was a handsome, brilliant girl, with a fine high spirit, and excessively fond of him—no doubt of it. He was a pretty fellow to sit dreaming away in that sentimental style, when to-morrow he was to marry such a woman as that, and become the proudest husband to-morrow would shine on! Jessy was well enough in her way, a nice, amiable, pretty girl; but, dear me!—and John made up his mouth to whistle an air, and did not whistle it.

Well! John thought he had better go to bed. The fire was out—no wonder he felt so miserable!—and there was the boy peeping hard through the curtain again; for he was getting hungry and wanted to shut up. The fat fingers of the little maid below had ceased from their labors—the cap was finished, and looked beautiful; and she sat at the fire with her chin on her hands and her elbows on her knees, brooding matrimony in an earnest and lively spirit. In half an hour the buttons ate himself to sleep, Polly found sleep in the realms of speculation, and John, become more comfortable over a renewed fire and a glass of weak toddy, went really whistling up to bed shortly after. "Good night, John," said he, as he rolled himself up like a chrysalis; "good night, young man! Good night, Sybilla!" And a moment after, with tenderness and an ominous sort of resignation, "Good night, Jessy!"

An hour after dawn, the little bird whose cage hung in the chamber window, trilling, quavering, rattling out his earliest fantasia, roused the bridegroom from sleep. About an hour after dawn, rattling, quavering, trilling his morning song, the little bird (brother to the above) whose cage hung in Jessy's chamber window, roused her also from sleep. In morning toilette, and bright as any Diana from the bath, Jessy soon put her bloomy face in comparison with her flowers, as, admiring here, plucking a dead leaf there, she busied herself with her bow-pots. Presently she went with

a serious air to a battered old trunk in a corner, and carefully took thence a small ivory box. It contained various minute packages of flower-seeds; and the serious expression of her face deepened into a sadness that seemed at home there as she came to one carefully-sealed paper at the bottom of the box. Jessy opened it, and half-a-dozen balsam-seeds fell into a slightly trembling hand; small, dusty, withered-looking seeds—smaller, more dusty and withered-looking than balsam-seeds usually are, and more precious.

Three summers ago, the plant from which they were derived was the best and most promising in Jessy's little conservatory. Everybody admired it—Godwin with an enthusiasm which might have been mistaken for playful sarcasm in any but a doubting lover. This, too, was when the plant was still in its youth, and its beauties mainly prospective; but John Godwin one day brought its mistress a small phial containing a bright volatile fluid, prepared at the expense of a night's rest and as much money as would have bought almost an entire stand at a flower-show, which he said would cause her flower to grow like a banyan and blow like a whole forest of acacias. The bottle was labelled in regular order—"Miss Burton's patient: two drops to be taken night and morning in a gill of rain-water."

The effect of its application to the roots of the flower proved almost marvellous. Large and high the balsam grew, with heavy branches round about it; and never were blossoms so huge, or so many, or so novel in color, on balsam before. True, they fell off as soon as they were fully blown, but then they were reproduced elsewhere as constantly; and Jessy's grief was great when, one morning, she found her pet altogether broken down and faded—suddenly, as with blight, beyond hope of resuscitation. Seeds, however, had been preserved, and the following spring were committed to earth, hopefully; but they woke to a by no means joyful resurrection. Wiry and puny, these poor step-children of Nature languished through the summer in sunniest corners, putting forth numerous pale little blossoms, and looking as miserably gay as a faded beauty in a faded ball-dress. The next generation was still more deplorable; but ere the latest lingerer had abandoned all effort to appear cheerful in cheerful companionship, Hope and Love had closed their outer doors against Jessy Burton, and she turned at once to that miserable lingerer, which seemed to have lingered on purpose to offer her the consolation of fellowship in affliction.

In the best hearts, the simplest and the strongest, a vein of romantic superstition will always be found—a hidden spring surrounded by wholesome verdure: where it is not, there is sickness. And though it was very sentimental and very absurd, it really did Jessy good to compare her fortunes and the fortunes of her nursling, with feelings that went beyond mere wonder at a coincidence. The hope and joy that erst-time put forth blossoms all day long, she woke one morning to find altogether broken down and faded—suddenly, as with blight, beyond hope of resuscitation. She remembered what unwise abandonment to excess of a new happiness had rendered this blight so sudden and complete, and was self-reproved; but looking on her invalided balsam, she saw that it still grew in a humble, hopeful kind of way—still persevered in blooming with as little dreariness as possible, and always, to appearance, with a cheerful prospect of



doing better next time; and she took the lesson to heart along with the reproof. Pondering much both lesson and reproof, Jessy gradually came to hold faith in more than was simply coincidental in so direct a coincidence. It preached to her, by application, most excellent doctrine; and she at last believed it one of those small things which (now that revelation, and miracle, and prophecy are no more) are disposed by a very extraordinary chance to work good in those who, having eyes, shut them not, and, having ears, hear. Furthermore, the simple girl grown wise through grief vaguely assumed a connexion in the future between her floral oracles and herself. Again she sows them on this bridal morning. Perhaps they will recover lost strength and beauty, and bloom as in past time; and then—who knows! Or perhaps they will die right out, be sickly and sorrowful no more, and give place to healthier if less cherished ones. Well, either way—whether the foolish pride of that dear bad boy allow him to seek forgiveness of the caprice she *knows* he bitterly repents, or whether the anxious inquiet that still besets her go finally to rest—will be happiness.

How unconscious was Jessy, at the moment she closed the mould over her treasures, that that dear bad boy of hers was closing over his breast a waistcoat which, innocent as it looked, would as effectually keep her curls from ever tumbling themselves there as bars of triple steel! How unconscious of more than the existence of the handsome and really graceful woman who, an hour or two later, was arraying herself in garlands and much muslin, a more unemotional sacrifice than the most Roman believe that ever went lowing to the altar!

Bride Sybilla's countenance was beautiful and commanding beyond that of most women; her figure graceful and dignified as that of most queens. Tall, pale, yet with a paleness as bright and healthy as the paleness of May-blossom—her head set slightly but boldly forward from her throat—with brilliant teeth, dark brows of gracefullest curve, and dark eyes that could express everything, but languishing and passion better than all—she would have been an indisputable belle of the season, some time or other, had she made her original and vulgar *début* within the circle of courtly existence. In very fact, she was so obviously fitted by nature for vegetation in the conservatory of fashion; she had so elegant a mind; her shawls draped her so elegantly; she looked so much at home in a carriage—especially an open one, as everybody remarked on occasions of pic-nic excursion; she would have adorned an opera-box so thoroughly, and blazed with such magnificence in family jewels—that at length it became plain even to herself that she had been born into a false position. Not that she ever expressed such a consciousness or allowed herself to brood over it; her personal superiority was justifiably regarded as a natural fact, and the fact was worn like an old robe.

But though, by some mistake, Sybilla wasted her radiance in the wrong firmament, it is only fair to say that she was at any rate highly respectable. Her father, Mr. Charles Frederick Lee, or, as old letters thrown carelessly on mantel-pieces, or stuck indifferently in card-racks and the frame of the chimney-glass, suggested, Charles Frederick Lee, Esq., was, indeed, an eminent example of respectability. A government *employé*—clerk at the custom-house, that is to say—his position was very respectable to start with; and this quality permeated all his relations in life, hovered benig-

nantly about his hearthrug, and saturated even his umbrella. This he carried with an air sufficient of itself to stamp his respectability; and it is highly probable that the appearance alone of Mr. Lee, as, quitting his residence in Grandison-place punctually to a minute, he walked into the city on fine mornings, with his umbrella at a peculiar angle under his arm, had a greater effect on the public than all the "Hints on Etiquette" that were ever published, price sixpence.

At his residence, Grandison-place, the principle so well exemplified in the person of Mr. Lee was adequately supported in the knocker (brass), in the carpetings and hangings, by a classic lamp in the passage, and two very respectable-looking canaries, of a subdued color, that hung in burnished cages (done about, of course, with yellow gauze) in the parlor windows, by life-size portraits of the family, an amplitude of light-colored upholstery, and marmalade for breakfast. Much wholesome goodness, however, was diffused throughout the household—cool, serene content, subduing all things equably beneath its shadow—gentleness, affection, peace, and decorous plenty. But thus surrounded, and with such a father, Sybilla was certainly its leading member and brightest ornament. The school-teaching obtained for her by paternity with two hundred and fifty pounds a year of income, and a position to support, did not, of course, comprise all the elements of a polite education; but what *was* taught at the Clarendon House Academy for Young Ladies Sybilla made the most of. She danced well, played the pianoforte with considerable brilliancy, wrote with orthodox angularity, and spelt comparatively few words with two *i*'s that should be spelled with one; she painted fruit and flowers charmingly, as a rather bulky portfolio of such subjects as "Grapes, Roses, and Peach," "A Peach, Roses, and bunch of Grapes," "Rose, Peach, etc.," evidenced; and as for French, not one of her contemporaries could pronounce her *u*'s with so unpuckered a lip, or mould her *l*'s with such Italian sweetness; and she really could do more than inquire how you did, Monsieur, and whether you had the bread or the butter.

Such, so far as circumstances could model her, such and no more, to the common eye, was Godwin's second love. But Sybilla was one of those who are, to a great degree, independent of circumstances; and divested of her worldly advantages—with any old lion of a knocker, a passage in primeval night, and a vulgar linnet capable only of drawing water in a thimble from airy depths, she would always have exhibited a certain air of superiority.

Bride Sybilla was naturally impassioned and impressible to an eminent degree. In all the fine oval of her face, not one feature but was skilled in the interpretation of these qualities, and bore their badge unmasked, always accompanied, however, by pride. But generally, the more powerful such attributes are, the more also are they vacillating and uncertain, being frequently aroused by trifles, and dormant on occasions of comparative excitement. It was so with Sybilla; and thus is explained the fact that through all the *et ceteras* of the courtship which terminated to-day, she had abruptly migrated between indifference on the one hand and ardent affection on the other; and thus the Dead Sea of common-place which now encompassed even the toilette table of the bride might have been accounted for. Elsewhere, all

was cheerfulness, bustle, sentiment and perspiration. Somebody was always knocking and ringing, in obedience to the request inscribed on the door, and somebody was always responding to the appeal; doors banged here and there saucily, or mysteriously and inexorably as the doors of Downing-street; pleasant voices called from room to room the prettiest names, whose owners—all bridesmaids, of course, the whole half-dozen of them—distracted the breakfast-table by the incoherently earnest manner in which they came fluctuating about it, sipping and flitting at the same moment, like busy bees inclined to jollity or butterflies on business; so that never was breakfast broken into such little bits. Delicate silk gowns, the superabundance tucked through the pocket-holes, rustled gayly through the house like all the leaves of Vallombrosa; brilliant eyes, and glowing faces, and perfect bouquets of bonnets ascended the stairs like rising suns, and made high noon wherever they appeared. The whisper of consultation on matters culinary and millinery, the noise of females in conclave, buzzed from half-open doors, little rivulets of laughter trilled over the banisters and down the passages, while everywhere, and in the midst of all, mamma bustled, red and important. In short, animation and subdued delight filled every corner of the house, not excepting even that darkest and dirtiest one where Godwin's boy (who, with a few other select articles, had been borrowed, buttons and all, for the occasion) was arduously engaged in taking off the edges of some two or three dozen knives, under pretence of cleaning them. The uncertain temperament of Sybilla, however, excepted her not alone from the general fuss. Mr. Lee and Mrs. Finch each evinced coolness, of different degrees and from different causes. Mr. Lee was a person of correct ideas, but, as he would sometimes deprecatingly confess, he was human, and had his moments of weakness like other mortals. Armies of these moments, in battalions of sixty, had assailed him since he woke this morning. Descending upon him with barbarian irregularity, they unfurled all sorts of prophetic banners, descriptive generally of domestic incident—of a house fragrant with caudle and warm linen, haunted by bland mediciners and mysterious women with accusing in their eyes, while a nervous husband and nervous father, keeping grim silence in the parlor, trembled together on the borders of a new relationship; which ever and anon, climaxed by a distant bleating, heard on the opening of a door, put him to total confusion. Recollecting, however, that a well-bred man displays no emotion, he gradually overcame the weakness that had absolutely led him in one fit of aberration to fill his cup from the milk-jug and flavor with a drop or two of coffee, and perused his newspaper with an indifferent lounge, or chatted easily with one or two gentleman arrivals while the important preparations were going on. This, however, was but indifference; Mrs. Finch's feeling was one of undisguised sorrow. She was the charwoman, had come to help, and seemed to think it her duty to express in her countenance what her experience of marital existence had been; and as it was pretty generally known that the late Mr. Finch used to get drunk at frequent intervals and chastise his wife with a light poker, it was only necessary to shake her head and sigh now and then to express all the meaning she intended. Mrs. Finch, however, was a person to whom trouble was so natural, and the

rule, that her experience went for nothing. If in the course of any week Johnny did not fall down an area or omitted to be sent to the station-house for breaking a window, Billy was pretty sure to take the measles or something of that sort, Sarah Jane lost herself for a day or two to be restored in tears by the police, or the chimney catch fire. If it rained, Mrs. Finch's clogs were broken; if it did n't, gracious knew how soon it would, and her shoes leaked; but, however circumstances smiled upon her generally, she had at least a few weeks' rent to make up, with the "broker's man" looming in the distance. Poor Mrs. Finch! A thousand such as she grow lean-visaged by multiplicity of such very ludicrous and very real troubles, and their experience, also, goes for nothing.

If any one, in disregard of the inscription before noticed, forgot that morning to knock while he rang or neglected to ring while he knocked, the omission was amply compensated by the driver of the vehicle which conveyed Godwin and his "best friend" to Grandison-place. Hired drivers usually appear to possess a vivid appreciation of the importance of their "fares" until dismissed by them; and the Jehu in question thundered at the door, pealed at the bell, and otherwise conducted himself on Mrs. Lee's white door-step with as much impudence as if he had been coachman to a title. Horace (the foot-page) opened to his master with an approving smile, and with the information—which gained by a certain jerking of his chin what emphasis it lost in being deferentially whispered—that there was *such* a swag of tarts and that down stairs—curran and rarsbry, and—oh! Affluence of feeling and the appearance of Mr. Lee from the parlor to greet his future son prevented further expatiation; and so, throwing up his eyes with consummate meaning, Horace precipitated himself across the banisters and slid into his den below. A second vehicle followed close upon the first, another and another. They remained a short time in rank before the Knockers, making very threadbare endeavors to look as much like private carriages as possible, despite the derogatory appearance of the coachmen's hats, which Mr. Lee protested were the flabbiest he had ever seen, even upon such heads; and then a preparatory silence which reigned in all the chambers of the house, as if everybody had been taking breath, was broken by a universal rustling on the stairs; and the whole galaxy of beauty and millinery descended into the parlor headed by mamma, who certainly enjoyed most of the millinery, whoever claimed preëminence in the other attribute. It must, however, have been evident to the meanest capacity—it was evident enough to that of Horace, who, prompted by desire to see how the governor looked among all them gals, brought up the knives at this moment, zealously offering to place them in Mrs. Lee's own hands—that if everybody *had* been taking breath in the silence, nobody was much benefited by the effort; unless, indeed, as appearances seemed more pointedly to indicate, bride and bridegroom, father and mother, man, woman, and maid, were endeavoring to get in a reserve supply for impending emergencies.

Bride Sybilla's immobility thawed rapidly away as she descended from the business of dressing. Regal and pale no longer, she frankly advanced towards Godwin directly she entered the room, and showed by the trembling hand she placed in his, and the tremulous eyes she raised to his, how completely her heart was turned from winter to

the sun. John, who at the same hour of the morning, at the same moment when Jessy was engaged with her foolish hadsam-seeds and still more foolish speculations, had to reprove himself for entertaining such thoughts as made his approaching happiness appear rather the work of destiny than love, and still had to reprove, cast away the last rag of doubt as he took Sybilla's hand, and then found it expedient to turn caressingly to one of the respectable canaries. A few remarks fell stone dead, here and there, from unwilling lips, and silence, like a pall, covered them; when at length some one referred to a watch, and providentially observed that the carriages were waiting, and that a good many boys were assembled about them, and swinging on the railings; had they not better—? Immediate acquiescence, profound diplomacy in pairing off on the part of a couple of young ladies, by which each secured the companionship of the dearest fellow in the world—very pretty skipping down the path and into the carriages on the part of all the young ladies except Sybilla, who walked by her father's side as if each flagstone were a feather-bed—four men pulling at the brims of four bad hats, at the doors of four "flies"—and then, as one of the dearest fellows in the world found breath to remark to one of the happiest girls in the world, they were off.

The prospect of matrimony, viewed at the distance of a day or two, is sufficiently distressing; but to stand on the utmost verge of the gulf, to oscillate within its jaws in a vestry-room, while an easy, calculating clerk looms before you, the last landmark on the boundaries of the world, is terrible indeed. In Dante's "*Divina Comedia*" men stand transfixed by the eyes of serpents—serpents lie along the ground transfixed by the eyes of men; gradually the bodies of the snakes sprout limbs—they grow erect, and harden into men; gradually the features of the men fall away, their limbs shrink into them, and, with a writhe, they are become snakes—still with set eyes, set ready to renew at once the transformation, according to their doom. If this, as it appears to be, is the most terrible thing either in fact or imagination, it is only because of its eternal repetition; otherwise, it would have to make room beside it for the equal horror of waiting in a vestry-room for the parson of your nuptials. But, practically, time is a fiction to all but clockmakers, and one may taste eternity in ten minutes under favoring circumstances; in such a case, at least, this comparison of horrors holds good to those who have to endure the latter, as Godwin and a young man similarly fated—who, seated at opposite extremes of the room, endeavored to rival each other in nonchalance—could have attested. Eternity, in their particular case, expired only at the quarter chime, when the priest entered apologetically. Prayers were read—responses meek and mild were given in doubt that they might prove groans, or worse, on obtaining utterance, and in a few minutes they were married. *Sic transit gloria mundi!*

With faces so flushed with happiness, and shame, and pride, that now and then it really seemed as if little flames of light were flickering over them, Sybilla and her husband walked up the matted aisle. Books and papers to sign—in an easy, off-hand style, resulting in illegibility. A congratulatory parson and a congratulatory clerk in the vestry, a congratulatory pew-opener at the door, and two congratulatory neighbors of hers in the church-porch—all to be rewarded for their con-

gratulation, to say nothing of lawful charges; which rewards and charges were given with real cheerfulness. Home! John paused upon the last step at the church-gate, twirling in his fingers the last remaining sixpence of the coin he had placed at one end of his purse for such bestowal before starting (impulse not being trustworthy with him in such cases, but quite the contrary), and looked about for a recipient. A pale-faced little boy, with a good deal of inquisitive, apprehensive wonder in his gray eyes, stood leaning by the railings, in a white pinafore; it would have been difficult, however, to realize his existence without a white pinafore. A bloodless little fellow, with a subdued quiet in his face, he seemed forever under injunction not to wake the baby, and a look of passive experience in his eyes, his whole appearance, from his collar to his boots, which had been inked round the lace-holes because they got brown there, imparted indescribable suggestions of bread-and-butter and nothing else; with, perhaps, a patient going to bed without that, now and then. Godwin looked painfully at the child as the child looked wonderingly at Sybilla, and, diving into his pocket, he took a shilling between his fingers, thought again, and substituted half-a-crown. This he gave the boy into one hand, and placed the sixpence in the other palm for himself. It was perfectly understood between them that the half-crown was for mother, who had inked the boots, and who could not afford to have the baby woke. Still, and though upon being bashfully thanked Godwin patted the bread-and-butter cheek as kindly and softly as any woman's hand could have done it, the poor child could scarcely trust in the reality of his fortune, and went slowly sidling up by the church-yard rails, his eyes turned to the gay party, half in expectation of being called back; and it was not till he had watched them out of sight that he turned the corner and ran. Congratulatory parson, clerk, pew-opener and pew-opener's neighbors—in the profoundest depths of all and every their hearts there existed not a centillionth of the blessing and good-wishes that overflowed in that of mother as she heard how her little son got the half-crown. It came to her in time of extremest need, and all day long she pondered the matter with unusual thankfulness; for, like a woman, she believed the giver had guessed her necessity by intuitive goodness. As for the sixpence, it was put aside in an old china cup—was to be saved to buy a spelling-book; but it finally went for bread-and-butter.

Now Godwin first grew perfectly happy. This, at any rate, was right—no future could overturn the propriety of it; and the wheels rattling in orthodox haste, he speedily passed from happiness into hilarity. To Sybilla, however, the rattling of the wheels only served to recall a little grievance. big enough, however, to constitute an important drawback to her nuptial satisfaction. She thought there ought to have been a tour. Her respectability demanded a tour—to Tunbridge Wells and back, at least; indeed, it had always been to her the most prominent feature of the prospect while matrimony was yet prospective. Miss Johnson, who was positively nobody, and a shocking dumpy bride besides, she was taken direct to Margate, and stayed there a week. Fortunately, however, Sybilla here recalled to mind, as she looked in John's face, where new humor and new meaning scintillated every moment, threatening to blaze right out, that Miss Johnson did n't bring back from Margate such a husband as hers. This con-

sideration, and another which, to do her justice, she had pretty constantly in view, reconciled her to her fate; the other consideration comprehending a bequest of three or four hundred pounds which a maiden aunt of Godwin's (who, rejoicing through life in single blessedness, seemed anxious to avert the bliss from some other one) had made him, on condition of marriage; otherwise, it was to be applied in dowry of three of the most deserving young women in her native town. This latter consideration, also, besides that "things frequently took a turn on such events," had its under-current influence on Godwin's resolution of matrimony in the unpromising condition of his affairs; though of course he acknowledged it not, and scarce thought of it.

On turning a corner near Grandison-place, the ears of the bridal party, but more especially those of the bride's papa, were appalled at hearing several rounds of cheering, or rather a succession of those nondescript roars with which the boy-population is given to express either dissatisfaction or amusement. In this case it was an amused roar; and nervously thrusting his head out of the carriage-window, Mr. Lee perceived with horror that it was emitted by a knot of youths of from twelve to sixteen, and that it seemed to result from observation of what was going on in the kitchen of his own residence. Fact was, that Horace was performing to a company which, originally consisting only of the green-grocer's boy and the boy of the butcher, had increased in numbers and enthusiasm beyond his expectations. Standing on a chair by the window, innocent of the near approach of his master, he was passing before the eyes of the delighted assembly all the various items of the wedding-feast; while, still more to the popular delight, poor Mrs. Finch danced frantically round him, endeavoring, in fits of indignant or beseeching eloquence, to arouse the foot-page to a clearer sense of decorum. "These, gentlemen," persevered he, elevating several in a line with his head, "is the weddin' taters as that gentleman in the blue aporn was just kind enough to bring us—kidney uns—biles like balls o' flour. And this here," dropping the roots and catching up a pasty, "is the weddin' goosbry pie, and a verry stunnin' pie it is too;" smelling it, he expressed his further opinion in his countenance. Mrs. Finch, far gone in the depths of despairing resignation, passively received the tart from the hands of Horace, enabling him to proceed without delay to the exhibition of fish, flesh and fowl, in like manner and with similar comments; until, having exhausted even all the table appurtenances, the cost of which he appeared to be cognizant of, he concluded the exposition with the bellows; which he averred the governor and himself were going to kneel to alternately as long as anything remained uncooked. It was while an appreciative public were demanding a rehearsal—rather to the alarm of Horace, whose original intention had merely been to display to the two friends above designated the good things he fondly hoped to have a share of—"pitching into"—that the noise of wheels came rolling down the road. Dismounting from the chair, Horace retreated rapidly into his den, and solemnly recommenced polishing a tea-turn, leaving the miserable Lee, whose respectability fluttered in rags about him as he did so, to disperse his friends. This, with the help of one of the dearest fellows in the world, who, having a large pair of whiskers, liked to exhibit them in situa-

tions of peril and command, was accomplished with greater success than might have been expected; though it was emphatically required of the gentleman in whiskers that he should "get out of that hat," meaning the glossy *chapeau* he had purchased only the night before, and notwithstanding that, in reference to the other dearest fellow in the world, who was very young and had no whiskers at all, a young lady was anxiously advised "not to let that little boy eat too much vegetables," as he did n't look very well as matters already stood; while the blushing grocer's boy, holding his forefinger in his mouth, leaned fondly on the arm of the butcher as they passed down the street, in obvious imitation of the bride.

With such exceptions, the hours glided past, accompanied by much the same incident as attends all wedding-days when there is not a "tour." At the feast, every one sat down inspired with the intention to expound the latest tradition of the usages of fashionable society; and, in the course of the hour, Miss Baker did herself the pleasure of reproving Miss Clark, who had crossed her knife and fork upon her plate, by ostentatiously placing hers at a gentle angle; while a gentleman performed a similar kindness for another, who had got his salt in a vulgar and improper position upon his plate; this reprover also seemed better after the administration of his reproof. Mr. Lightowler, brother of Mrs. Lee, and a toyman, with Mrs. Lightowler, were, however, lamentable exceptions. Exclusively devoted to each other, they sat together, mutually fat and hot, and helped each other from any portion of the table within arm's length, drinking from one glass, laughing one huge laugh whenever they felt inclined, but particularly at their own jokes, which they did n't seem to care about any one else appreciating, and all utterly untouched, because utterly unconscious, by the vexation of their host and the undisguised disgust of the most respectable of the company. Partly from this very fact, but principally from the downright simplicity, the good-humor and genial oddity of the man, Godwin resolutely fraternized with the toyman the moment the speeches were all over. An unfathomable Etna of whim, of grotesque humor, was always simmering in the mind of the bridegroom, breaking out at rare intervals in sudden eruption, and with such grim vehemence of delivery that people would pause in their laughter, and scan him for a moment with serious, half-frightened glances. Elated with the "excellent light dinner-wine," and a bottle of "a full fruity port," he made the hours spin round the clock with quip and crank and story; while Mr. Lightowler sat on the floor at sober intervals and sang comic songs with a whistling refrain, till he whistled even Mr. Lee out of his annoyance at such an exhibition of vulgarity in his brother-in-law, and Mrs. Lightowler into such an admiration of her husband that she at last sat down on the rug beside him and whistled too. And as the moments passed, and evening fell, bright eyes grew brighter with the stars, glowing cheeks more rosy, warm hearts warmer, and everybody and everything happier and better. Bride and bridegroom happy and proud. Music, and dancing, and sparkling laughter—sentiment, love, flirtation, and a general return to boyhood and girlhood. More love and a little less flirtation—declaration of fond reciprocity between two young men and two young maidens (one declaration in the kitchen by the mangle, and one under the tank in the garden), an admis-



sion of perfect disengagement (and of a trifle more) on the part of another young maiden. More lights, more music, more dancing, more sentiment, more comic songs on the hearthrug, more full-bodied port for the general company, and more half-and-half for Mr. Lightowler.

No mamma anywhere in the house! no Sybilla! And papa looking awkward. Almost one o'clock, you see.

One by one the bouquets of bonnets reappeared immediately upon this discovery, looking very much as if they—their owners, that is to say—knew all about it and enjoyed the *ruse*. Then followed a general leave-taking, a serious affair in Lightowler's case, though elsewhere with merriment, and here and there with a kiss. Cabs rolled leisurely from the gate—in the last Godwin and papa; and the house was again as dark and still as those "earthly tabernacles" were doomed soon to be, upon whose front the light of youth and love, and laughter, shone resplendently but now.

It is a sober business, riding at midnight in a musty-smelling cab; and the reactionary seriousness that oppressed both gentlemen on turning from the deserted house seemed to increase with the odor of the straw. Very few words, upon very indifferent subjects, passed between them, as John went really *home* for the first time; and as on arriving there mamma was just ready to return, Mr. Lee did not alight, but drove back with his wife to their bereaved hearth, after a simple "good night" had passed among them.

In Jessy's early girlhood, the mother of the poor little bread-and-butter boy was a servant in her father's house. Since the death of the woman's husband, which was but recent, Jessy had proved her best friend—coming with cheerful gossip and "something for the baby" whenever she had an errand in town, which she had to-day; and had hardly been seated half an hour when she became acquainted with the story of the half-crown, what the gentleman was like, and who the lady, and which way they went. The boy had heard the name of the gentleman, as some one called to him, but did not perfectly recollect it; it began with a G, at any rate, and sounded like Godwin.

To the sum of sublunary happiness go many fictions—pretty figments, which, though constantly and forever disproved, are never the less believed in. Even in the contemplation of objects the most beautiful in art and nature fiction is seldom absent; and when the sun sets in clouds of purple and fine gold, it is not enough that they are clouds, however gorgeous; but we must at once set about making woods, and seas, and islands of the blest of them.

We have sought it in heaven (an instance is meant), but with equal propriety and success we might seek it in—matrimony. For what but a sugared fallacy is that Honeymoon so universally accepted as consequent on every marriage—as being a mingling of the sweetness of Hybla with all the soft suffusion of love which lapped Endymion on the hill of Latmos, to be enjoyed in all cases and without limit during the space of one calendar month—for twenty-eight days at least; except in leap-year, at which time, even February days are twenty-nine! A fond conceit! it is wrong to argue every-day life from the privileges of the aristocracy; and only in connexion with marriages strictly of convenience does the honeymoon roll through its successive phases with propriety, going out as the monthly bills come in. Careful

computation of the laws of accident proves the full average honeymoon to subsist about four days and a half, except in cases where youth, fortune, and fine weather combine with affection, when the average may possibly be doubled. So that wife Sybilla ought to have been much more content than in fact she was that her matrimonial orb waned not before the expiration of a week; considering that though they were rich enough in youth, they possessed neither fortune *nor* particularly fine weather. It was, however, this very consideration of lack of fortune, in the sense of money, that caused Sybilla first to descend from out the luxuriant solitudes of love in which, hand in hand, they had sauntered all the week, bringing her husband quickly after her. The initiatory cause of the declension was a nightcap; for, after a protracted evening sitting at an open window, Sybilla woke the next morning to find, not the locks of Hyperion straying over the pillow beside her, as before, but a tall, tasselled, miserable white cap, which, encroaching over Godwin's eyes, elongated his cheeks and exaggerated his nose to a most unhandsome degree. The unconscious sleeper, experiencing symptoms of cold in the head the night before, had ventured, in the dark to assume that wretchedest of all habiliments, the male night-cap.

When the blossom is ripest, the softest breath may waft it from the bough; in the nodding of that green tassel moved a cruel blast sufficient to scatter the full-blown poetry of any week-grown honeymoon. Accordingly, before breakfast was fairly over, Sybilla remembered that very little business had occurred to interrupt their happiness—before dinner, that Mr. Godwin had paid several bills with undisguisable uneasiness; and as the result of such souvenirs, not only she but Godwin also sat down at supper that night to a diluted cup, broken-winged and very near the earth. Every day nearer and nearer the earth, for things did *not* take a turn, but grew worse; and though they had the certainty of aunt's legacy before them, Godwin soon began to fear almost as much as his wife that if, according to the doggerel of Keats, "Love in a cot, with water and a crust, is—Love, forgive us! cinders, ashes, dust," it was not much more agreeable in an apothecary's shop. Not that it has quite come to that yet; he still contrived to maintain the marmalade for breakfast; but not many weeks elapsed ere Sybilla became plainly suspicious that though he might be rich enough in drugs, the money-capital of her husband was well-nigh exhausted. Indeed, she assured herself of the fact by just looking into his desk one morning, privately, and with a guilty face.

Now the legacy lay vested in his uncle, the Kentish miller; and as a few months before, in a letter which came hoping that John was in good health, as it left him (the miller) at present, he had received much earnest advice against early marriage, John wished to postpone the demand as late as possible. But the darkening horizon, and a few comfortless hints thrown out by the partner of his cares, precipitated intentions; and so he started one bright morning to receive his little fortune, planning its expenditure very solemnly by the way.

Drearily, Sybilla threw herself upon a sofa as her husband passed out at the door, and, half extended, employed an hour in usefully painting a piece of velvet, and uselessly pondering past, present and future. Drearily she put aside the

lauded stuff, and, taking up a newspaper some weeks old, concluded each listlessly-perused paragraph with a yawn till she came to "Important from India," and read of a bloody engagement there. How, in the cold gray dawn, a company of the gallant 292nd, and a strong detachment of the gallant 293rd, marched to reduce the contumacious Bungumshah. How, when the cold dawn kindled into blazing, blasting noon, and long-enduring men fell here and there, suddenly shot dead from the sun, it was deemed expedient to march over them against the contumacious Bungumshah. How, having mistaken the position of that Indian, they came not up with him by nightfall, for all their marching; and very gladly encamped—the greater portion on the plain, but a small detachment of some hundred men or so in a hollow at a little distance, under Ensign Hope. How, in the night, sentinels were struck secretly, the camp penetrated by Indian shadows rather than Indian men, the commander killed in sleep—encampment torn from end to end, encampment channelled from end to end, with tumult and blood. Ensign Hope listens in the distant hollow, rises up with his hundred men or so, bears down to the verge of the scene swift and silent, goes blazing into it like an Indian storm, and settles the matter. To the right is a ravine; and, as the enemy fly, panic-struck, Ensign Hope, with consummate skill (so the newspaper calls it), contrives to push the main body to the edge of it—pushes a few over into it, in order to furnish argument of prompt surrender to the rest; which is profited by; and by the time the camp is thoroughly roused from its hideous nightmare, every soldier with his head still on may place two or three prisoners at the end of his bayonet. As for the Bungumshah, he is disarmed by Ensign Hope himself, with as much grace of manner as a conqueror with one boot on (had no time to advantage by both) might be supposed capable of. Official thanks, loud newspaper laudations, honors present and prospective to Ensign Hope.

Trembling, Sybilla glanced thus rapidly through the narrative, and then, after a moment's breathless reflection, perused it minutely from first to last, her eyes lingering long about the lines in which the hero's name happened to be printed, and on the praises and the recital of rewards bestowed upon him. And again she sat entranced with parted lips and dilated eyes. Ensign Hope! muttered her wonder-bound tongue; Parson Hope, as he used to be called, from his solemn length and inclination to white neckcloths; the blundering boy cadet whose addresses she merrily rejected for those same peculiarities a few years ago! Who could have supposed so much heroism in him?

Only a daughter of Eve, we may pardon Sybilla that she took glory to herself in answering the question. Plainly, love for her was at the foundation of all this heroism; it was to add force and grace to his overtures—to render himself more worthy of her, that he had coveted the reward and reputation consequent on such achievements; and, indeed, none but the brave deserve the fair. Only the wife of an apothecary, as well as merely a daughter of Eve, we might also pardon the dreams she thereupon indulged, in which, as the lady of Captain, of Colonel, very possibly of Lieut.-General Sir Victor Hope—for Clive became a peer—she shone enjewelled in her natural sphere, the admired of men, the envy of women. But the bitterness

with which she dwelt upon it after a while, as a now impossible career, was altogether unpardonable. Not that she cared, Sybilla said within herself; *she* was happy enough—never happier; but it was strange that her anticipations of one day becoming a "lady" should be so nearly verified; strange that this news should arrive just when it was too late and of no avail, even if she *had* cared; very strange that she whom it most concerned, to whom she was sure it was mainly addressed, should be kept in total ignorance for weeks after all the rest of the world had become aware of it! So Sybilla said within herself; but being conscious of some heart-burning, she interpreted her reflections into the mildest language capable; thus the word "strange" really had in it some of the meaning of the word "vexatious." And, assured of her primal conclusions, Wife Sybilla went on to consider how grievous a thing it was that disappointment in the secret end of his endeavors should embitter to the ears of Victor Hope the very plaudits of his countrymen. Assuredly he was to be pitied, at any rate. And Sybilla went on dreaming and thinking.

Meanwhile Godwin had arrived at the mill of his uncle, who received him in blank silence, took him into a little room, where books and papers were ominously displayed, and talked with him privately. On which Godwin learned that when at the utmost verge of ruin, as the books and papers proved, his uncle had appropriated the moneys which had been confided to him irresponsibly, in justifiable hope (as the papers also proved) of immediate restitution; that to refund as affairs then stood would be as certain ruin, without benefit to any one; but the prospect was opening, and if John would only accept twenty pounds or so, and kindly wait a single year, said the old man, fairly crying, why, everything would be made right. So what could John do but quietly button his pocket over the twenty pounds or so—quietly button his coat over a fallen heart, and go home again!

It was a brilliant afternoon when the disappointed man came to the end of his dreary journey, resolved, after much painful deliberation, to confide the whole truth of the case to his wife. Young, and with a knowledge of many things, he was not without hope after all. He had hitherto made no exertion of the talents he was conscious of possessing; and who could say that good might not come out of this evil, at last, in necessitating their vigorous exercise? So, already ashamed of past inaction, and with some show of cheerful resignation to misfortune, he laid the twenty-pound instalment on the table before Sybilla on arriving home, and began the story; which, however, he had occasion to conclude with less and less cheerfulness. Naturally, perhaps, from fore-described circumstances, the contrast between a flushed and victorious soldier in uniform, and a weary druggist in nothing describable, struck Sybilla acutely as her husband entered the door; as, also, distance lends enchantment to the view, the contrast was so much the more prejudicial to the latter. And, unluckily for her, before she had time fairly to extinguish a comparison which some kind instinct told her was injurious and wrong, Godwin had declared himself not only a weary, unornamental druggist, but a beggared one. His quick eye, rapid in the interpretation of every symptom of thought, was not slow to perceive, however, the change that passed over Sybilla's handsome countenance—returning over it again and again, spite

of all her really laudable endeavors at banishment—ere half the recital was ended; and grief poured into his heart like water into a stricken ship. To dissolve without discontent the day-dreams she had been indulging all day long—dreams long cherished, but never approaching reality till she had abandoned forever the power of fixing them—would of itself, Sybilla felt, have been a task; but this bitter fact, falling in the very midst of her prideful fancies, thoroughly overcame her. She burst into a flood of tears too plainly rebellious and indignant, and, saying not a word, went up into her chamber. Spirit of the Sublime Respectable! thou dapper doorkeeper to all littleness, thou aider and fosterer of vanity, and selfishness, and hardness of heart—it is to be feared that since when you first put the (then infantine) soul of this woman into a corset, with apparatus of tightening, its growth has not been good.

At first opening of the flood-gates, Sybilla's tears were merely the outpourings of disappointment; but the more she wept upstairs alone, the more she brooded and brooded, her sobs grew fewer, her tears hotter, and at length deliberately angry. She felt herself deceived—ill-used; and her spirit chafed within her so wilfully that even the loud, quick song of Godwin's canary-bird wrought her to extreme irritation. Poor fellow! Had he been brought up like the light-colored canaries at home, surrounded by respectability and yellow gauze, he might have known himself (and Sybilla's sorrows) better. As it was, however, he abandoned himself to his own emotions, and, thinking perhaps of the leafy old house in the northern suburbs, poured out his melodies like summer rain—faster and louder as Sybilla grew more irritated. He positively disobeyed her command to be still; the epithet "beast" he passed contemptuously over; she stamped her feet in vain. Hopping from perch to perch all the more readily and saucily as it had no tail worth mentioning, still the bird went on with liveliest rattle. At length, in a ferment of passion, Sybilla, approached the cage, trembling steadily, as a spear thrown from the hand of a strong man trembles in the earth, seized the head of the guileless little songster, and it sang about the leafy old house no more.

Godwin uttered no remark upon the discovery of this wickedness; but when he retired that evening, anger and grief contending within him—fire with flood—he placed his dead bird on a chair by the bedside, and lay all night with his face toward it. It was the last remaining of all the little meaningful gifts which, after the manner of lovers, Jessy had rendered him in exchange for others. One by one they had departed from him—got lost somehow—as if he were no more worthy of them; and there it lay—the last and most precious, for it had a real, vocal, interpretable language of some sort—dead enough certainly; with nothing interpretable about it but its dumbness now.

That day set a seal upon the whole eternal future. So completely fateful, so fatefully complete were the events of that day, that though no officer of evil could desire a single addition, still one omission would have unravelled toils which not an entire after-life could break through. And yet how weak were those circumstances in themselves! What mere gossamer-threads were they until strengthened by vanity and temper—even those small vices—into bonds stronger than the

seven green withes that bound the limbs of Samson! What petty impediments they were either to happiness or fortune, easy to be overleapt or smiled away by a firm foot or a cheerful heart, such as ought to have belonged, and in one case did belong, to this young woman and man! But in the morning when they woke, a strong wall was found built up of these petty impediments, breast high, between them; breast high, so that their hearts could no longer beat together, nor their feet be mutually upheld, in all the dreary vista of years through which they must yet keep consort—a hard, unreflecting face only on each side the wall forever. For Godwin had far-away ideas of perfection in woman—thinks of Jessy Burton; and so keenly did he feel the bitterness displayed by Sybilla, so gross did the selfishness, the violence, the cruelty of her behavior appear to him, viewed apart from any unkindness displayed through it toward himself, that whole months of repentance and affection would hardly have restored to him his olden happiness and love. The shock was sudden and complete; and the fact of Jessy's bird being victimized in the shock pointed his reflections in a direction not easily diverted, even if there had been any prospect of diversion. But, unhappily, the same principle which leads women to excuse and even champion the faults of those they love most, led Sybilla to justify her feelings and their results—to strengthen the belief that she was wronged, deceived, unfortunate; for she loved *herself* the most. Wilful and impassioned, the new-made wife now boldly brought before her eyes the comparison which yesterday she glanced at with nervous obliquity, and taking a comprehensive view of her own merits, her lady-like habits, manners, deportment and education, her queenly face and form, she fled from the consciousness of wrong-doing into the reflection that she was a "sacrifice"—that these her virtues were pearls cast before some lost apothecary, while a hero, a future Lieutenant-General Sir Victor, was hurrying from fields of glory in the vain hope of crowning his laurels with such precious gems. It is easy to see how thus a pardonable weakness might deepen even into guilt.

But a dreary lesson it would be to follow these two through all the shadows which henceforth, deepening and deepening one by one, fell upon them, till it was day no more, nor ever could be day. Sad to mark the daily-hardening indifference of John Godwin, who, having fallen at once from all his hopes, looked not up again, nor strove to regain the pinnacle, but went plodding along alone, dull and sullen, like the last man in a plague-stricken city; plunging anon, over head and ears, into some occupation or enterprise, from sheer necessity of *doing* something, and abandoning it at the very moment of success from nought but idle despairing: "What was the use?" Sad to mark the daily-growing discontent of Sybilla Godwin, whose wilful, passionate nature could resign itself to nothing which interfered with her happiness—a nature which, if it could not break through imprisoning bars, would beat itself to death against them. Unlike Godwin, however, in whose horizon of unvaried gray no sun was ever visible at all, bright, warm snatches of sunshine would now and then intervene through tempest; but they were so uncertain, so evanescent, so much more allied to the principles that made Sybilla beautiful than to those that ought to have made her good, that they soon became wholly disre-

garded, and went finally out. So in a thousand ways was fuel added to flame; in a thousand miserable grievances and aggravations, and things that were neither one nor the other, but tortured into both; in trifles brooded over and made hideous by exaggeration; till, in a few months, it became questionable whether more misery could be found anywhere in London.

Preserved from a knowledge of all his heart may contain or may be capable of, let no man credit himself with just so much virtue, *by no means* debit himself with just so much vice, as circumstances may hitherto have elicited thence. With fair winds, the leaky ship is as safe as the sound; and to thousands who lift their polluted eyebrows in horror over the crimes recorded in the news-sheet, the writer of this sketch would say, It is all very much according to the weather. Besides, we arrive abruptly at a climax in the case of other men's vice's; we do not go through all the circumstances and gradations which push on to them, nor know how many of them inevitably sprang from small and almost blameless beginnings, as we do in the case of our own vices. Furthermore, it is melancholy to observe how unconsciously men are beguiled through these gradations while to return is possible, and only arouse to a sense of error by the sudden clapping-to of the gates which open on the homeward path no more.

Beating fretfully against imprisoning bars, Sybilla now yearned as much for love and gayety as for marble halls. Her loss in respectability had not proved so signal as she had feared; and, in default, neglect, indifference, wasted youth, a cheerless, heartless existence now supplied the necessities of life to her misery. She forgot, wretched woman as she was, *who* had rendered her husband the silent, unemotional man he had become; a man without love and without anger—a barren rock, where rich and wholesome verdure used to grow. But, unfortunately, her ignorance detracted nothing from her wretchedness. Again, and again, totally incapable either of reconciling herself to her lot or of mending it, she wept bitterly at the thought that it could only change with death; and naturally followed the question, by and by, which of them was likely to outlive the other. It was terrible to think that *she* should spend all her days in such wretchedness—should die in the midst of it; but, independent of that consideration, Godwin had grown very pale and lean lately, he ate little, and, though he complained not, frequently took medicine. He was not naturally of strong constitution; and, taken altogether, Sybilla thought she should outlive him. This is the hard fact, the bone and substance of her frequent cogitations; but what pauses lay between, what twinges of self-repugnance now and then broke mercifully in upon them, cannot be written down; enough to say that they grew daily fainter and fainter! What harm was there in “supposing?” And then, after a decent interval, during which Godwin got neither paler nor thinner, came the consideration, But how long first? And when Sybilla was forced to admit that a young man like Godwin, however ailing, might well vegetate through a long series of years, she found by the feeling of dissatisfaction which crept involuntarily into her breast how much she had secretly cherished the “supposition.” Nor even after self-detection could she avoid the gracious thought, that if he lived for twenty years he might as well live forever; but if, now, anything should happen in say

two years (and a great many things did happen in two years) why, let us see. She would then be not quite six-and-twenty. Well, not *more* than two years; a year-and-a-half, say; for there would be a year of mourning, which would otherwise bring her over seven-and-twenty, which would be too old. And so Sybilla rehearsed her husband's death and burial, and her own widowhood and restoration to happiness, and—a little trembling guilty thought peeped in to say—to (by that time) Lieut.-General Sir Victor. True, she often checked these speculations; she felt they were wrong; but time by time with less success, until at last what is often expressed after one's decease became with Sybilla a fixed idea before the event, that “it would be a happy release.”

Meanwhile, John kept on the weary tenor of his way, prematurely old in feature and heart—got leaner and paler, finally got into a slow fever brought on through his own carelessness, about the time that his wife came to the above conclusion. And now it would afford strange melancholy to lift the veil from that woman's mind as she tended by his sick-bed—terrible to watch the sudden terror which now inspired her lest her husband *should* die; for she felt as if her injured conscience had fled up to heaven, had impeached her thoughts, and that this was the result: that devils had power to fulfil her desire, that her soul might be damned to her desire. Strange and more melancholy still, that when the first few days of Godwin's illness wore away, this terror was, not supplanted, but accompanied by other feelings of a totally opposite nature! After all, was not this a providential arrangement for the happiness of both parties—a release to each from a yoke which had proved too heavy to bear—an answer to all her tears and sufferings? Of course her thoughts were not arrayed in words so matter-of-fact as these, but it came to quite the same thing. And now these feelings reigned alternately. As Godwin grew worse the terror increased; yet, as soon as a symptom of amendment appeared, the contrary sentiment immediately assumed sway. But as time wore on, and Sybilla became accustomed to the *danger*, no doubt remained as to which was most powerful; and when Godwin at length recovered, and all the illness and dying, if any, had to be done over again, Sybilla felt like one betrayed.

Alas! she was now wholly in the toils of the fowler. The violence of her feelings increased day by day; and no longer to attempt description of mysteries impossible to be understood, she returned one evening from an accidental and momentary interview with Captain Hope, who was in England on leave, wrought into a determination to do that herself which it had terrified her should be done by nature on her behalf. So Godwin fell into another fever; and its accompanying symptoms were so new, that, though they were less violent than previously, they alarmed him much more. He, however, was not, perhaps, so easy a subject for experiment as a Suffolk laborer; and, whether from one cause or another—whether from observation of the symptomatic nature of his fever, or observations in the cup from which he was drinking at the time, he suddenly fell back upon his pillow one morning shot through with the conviction that his beautiful wife was poisoning him.

The stricken man lay staring out at the window with fixed eyes awhile, but neither in anger nor horror; for presently he turned his face upon his bed and wept with all his heart. The unkindness,



the ingratitude of this woman, each carried in it a sting more venomous than the sting of death; but, like the sting of death, they subdued rather than infuriated him. That she who lay in his bed and sat at his board, whom at any rate he trusted so far, whom at least he jealously protected and cared for, should drain his life from him at her leisure—to-day, to-morrow, any day, as soon as the milk came to make porridge with—smote him more with its treachery than its cruelty. Oh, what seas of anguish broke over him in that hour!—casting him to and fro, a helpless waif, utterly abandoned and broken up, in, perhaps, the lowest depths of agony that ever man entered upon and lived. His soul shook as in an ague; his spirit seemed oozing from him, until, like a dwindled, half-spent breath, it flickered within him on weak, unfeathered wings, impatient of their own impotence. But soon—for, in such extremities, men sometimes live through the changes of years in an hour—a sudden access of firmness, of sternness stole upon this fainting spirit, which momentarily grew calmer and more stern, till it was cold and hard as steel. Again his eyes became fixed and staring, but now with an expression enough alone, in its frozen and freezing terror, to have brought Sybilla down upon her knees had she encountered it. And when, half an hour after, the sick man again turned his face wearily upon his pillow, in hope of sleep, he had resolved to let Sybilla *do it*!

O wretched woman! Little guessed she, when she came presently to look upon this sleeper, the pallor of his face already reflected upon her shrunken heart, how completely the power had passed out of her hands—how terrible, how *eternal* the punishment she herself should assist him in signaling. Little knew she that if her soul were now, for a time, abandoned of all warning, of all saving voices, it was abandoned to the power of her husband, in the hollow of whose hand it lay. To open his hand before her eyes, calmly, mercifully to thrust an index-finger into the spots which already festered so deep in this soul, to put aside the cup not so much from his lips as her own, and hold up to her eyes, day by day, the chalice of repentance—all this was within the compass of his will. But he willed it *not*; he folded up his will and put it aside; he would rather yield his inclinations to hers, and passively close his fingers while he yielded. Why, what devil was in this man also?

From that day Godwin refused to see any physician, prescribing for himself from a private medicine-chest; and from that day he grew rapidly worse and worse. The olden terrors of Sybilla returned upon her as her husband sank so palpably; she slackened her hand, withheld it altogether in a paroxysm of mortal dread which passed very well for conjugal affection, but still from that day he grew rapidly worse and worse; till in the noon of a certain night, while she was vainly endeavoring to sleep in an adjoining chamber, the husband called hurriedly to the wife. The wife then rose, hastened to the door in nervous stupor, and stood rigidly looking in from the threshold. The calm, every-day appearance of the patient, as he sat up in his bed, restored her, however, to confidence; and, loosening her clenched hands, she advanced to the foot of the bed.

"Come nearer, Sybilla," said Godwin. There was something new in the expression of his voice, and she went to his side like one walking on a lake. The sick man placed one arm round her.

"My wife," he said, and the words fell whispering from his lips, soft as the sound of falling leaves, "My wife, this fever is coming to an end."

Sybilla shook from head to foot.

"Place your finger on this pulse," he said. She touched his wrist, and thought she recognized the difference between a pulse that beats with blood and a pulse that beats with poison. Again Sybilla shook from head to foot.

"And now, do look into my eyes, Sybilla!"—still he spoke with the same soft voice—"I think they are growing dim."

She glanced upward for the first time; and his eyes were not dim at all. They were blazing at her; and before she could withdraw her glance he uttered, "Sybilla, I shall be dead in an hour!" and so fixed her eyes upon his face.

If life was of any value to her, it was fortunate for Sybilla at that moment that her heart had grown accustomed to tumult; otherwise it must have burst. As it was, she gradually withdrew her eyes from Godwin's, and threw herself upon the bed in a passion of tears. And as she lay, burying her head in the clothing, a change passed over her husband's countenance. The fires were quenched in his eyes, and now they were really dim—with some strange commingling of pity, and melancholy, and agony, and even of yearning love, all in one tear. It was not, however, a time of abiding, and it, too, passed away.

Meanwhile, Sybilla still wept and sobbed with her face hidden. Well would it have been for her had she never lifted that face again; better to have wept and sobbed there till every fountain in her breast was still. But she did lift it; and, putting forth her hand to assist herself in rising from the bed, she placed it on a breakfast-cup with which John had been habitually served throughout this last illness, and which was not there before. She bounded backward to the wall, with a low, long, tremulous cry, and darted an agonized look at John Godwin. He lay, with his head pillowed upon his arm, fixedly regarding her. Her head swam; she looked at her husband with the gaze that blind men turn to the sun; she heard a voice far, far away, when he said, with slow deliberation—

"Sybilla, I know it! I have known it for a fortnight. I have drunk from that cup fourteen times since I knew it; but never shall drink from it again. You had better go!" He covered his face.

Mechanically, and still entranced in stupor, she obeyed. Slowly attiring herself in all the minutiae of walking-dress, not forgetting a cloak, since the night was cold, she fled down stairs—fled home!

As the outer door banged to, the dying man rose, lifted the window-curtain, and watched the hurrying figure of his wife as it emerged here and there full in the light of a lamp, and went on into the darkness beyond. Again and again, and ever less distinct, the shivering mortal passed through narrowing breaks of light into a wider expanse of darkness, as she had passed through many a mercy-sent dawning of remorse into deeper shades of guilt. At length the retreating figure passed for the last time from his straining vision, and he saw her never again.

"O Sybilla, Sybilla," he said aloud, as he turned from the window, "I pray Heaven the bitter, bitter punishment you now endure may atone for this offence forever! It is enough; for after all *I live*! And some day, Sybilla, when sorrow and repentance shall have chastened you, it shall be a

joy to you to *know* that I live—broken, unstrung, all youthful vigor shattered, but still not *quite* a murdered man. Yet if I had not known so early —

Shortly after, attired as for a journey, John Godwin stood in the street below—a solitary, hopeless, stricken man. The day had just begun to dawn, as fresh and beautiful as if for the first time it rolled away the darkness from the earth. Clouds laden with soft violet light came up from the east, and shed it all abroad: cool airs came down from the courts of an eternal city, with a message therefrom to all who would stop and listen. More than once did Godwin so pause in the silent streets, listening with fixed attention, drinking the air as draughts of water; and ever as his feet resounded on the pavement again he felt a peaceful sleep settling over his weary spirit. Involuntarily, or rather as a matter of course, that no thinking about could effect, he bent his steps towards the leafy old house: he had a vague intention of just looking at it once more. And all his troubles melted away as, one by one, he passed the old landmarks of pilgrimage. Past feelings came back upon him, the same as of old, though robed not now in joy, but in melancholy: the pleasures of an old man's memory. But how fast his heart beat as he neared the corner when the old house, and Jessy's chamber in it, were visible! And there it was! the snowy curtain still flapping in the morning air—the cactus, the roses, the geraniums—the same! the same!

Glancing down the road at about the same time, Jessy descried a man sitting dejectedly on the wayside bank, with his face turned steadily towards her window. Her attention was sufficiently arrested to recall her again and again; and still he sat there—still as before. A thousand unformed emotions suddenly crowded within her; she felt her face grow pale and her heart sicken. The stranger approached timidly and with an air of guilt; a few paces nearer, and Jessy saw not only *who* it was, but, by one of those wonderful laws which psychologists vainly endeavor to expound, pretty distinctly *how* it was. By what mysterious bridge does soul pass over to soul? How came this loving woman to know, from one glance at that bowed form and haggard face, that he had but now escaped, scathed and wounded, through some fearful tribulation which it was necessary for her to know and to share!

Without daring to look again, she knew that Godwin was approaching the house. She went out upon the stairs to listen to his coming; and, after some minutes, seated herself upon them with her hands clasped over her knees, *knowing* he would come. Her father was away on a short journey—her mother had, months since, gone her last and longest journey; Jessy was alone in the house with the old servant. Presently the expected knock was heard—a faint appealing knock, it seemed to her; and the next moment they stood once more, face to face, with the threshold between them.

Godwin made no attempt to enter; he stood like one sinking under a heavy burden imploring to be relieved.

"Yes! yes! for God's sake, come in!" said Jessy's trembling voice. And the next moment, as if there he would be safest from the pursuer, she shut the door of her own chamber upon her

old lost love. "Now, John, what is all this! What terrible things have you to tell me."

They sat down together. With dilated eyes and parted lips she listened, as in a very frenzy of words Godwin told his story. Now in drops of molten fire, and now in melancholy tear-drops, he poured out his whole soul before her, till not one agony remained unknown. In the excitement of the story he rose from his chair; and when he had ended all, and stood silent before her, pale and ruined, a wreck most eloquent, her old love, her pity, her anguish burst all bonds; she clasped her arms about his neck, pressed her cheek convulsively to his, and wept as though the floodgates of her heart were all broken up together. "O, my poor boy! my poor boy! They will kill me too!"

Godwin looked down upon the sobbing girl, trusting his tongue with not a word; and when her tears were all spent, and they stood silently apart, he felt that it was possible to bear up manfully against all distresses, and go on patiently to the end. But Sybilla was not forgotten; and whatever thoughts passed between Jessy and Godwin in the sympathy of silence, it was of her mainly that they spoke. There was some understanding between them regarding her; her name was the last word uttered before farewell; which, however choked down and delayed, whatever they yearned to say first, each to the other, but were ashamed, had at last to be uttered. "Good-by, then, dear Jessy," said Godwin, as they stood, as of old, in the porch before the door, and it sounded to them both like a snatch of an old-loved, long-forgotten song. She put her hand in his, and the direful Whither and how long? rose up before them, and was answered in each, Anywhere, to the ends of the earth, perhaps—forever! "God bless you, dear John," said she in a broken voice; and, yielding herself to his embrace and his kisses, she added, "and, right or wrong, I *will* love you, dream of you, pray for you, and never cease till I die!" The haggard face of Godwin lit up with one last look, revealing more than words. "O faithful, loving girl," he said, "what have I lost, and yet not wholly lost!" He passed through the gate, went out upon the road, and for miles turned not his head.

Her Lieutenant-General Sir Victor and all the idols of her vanity shattered about her, Sybilla heard, with renewed dismay, of Godwin's disappearance. It was another stroke of the two-edged sword; for she believed that, with the intention of screening her from justice, he had crawled away to die in some obscurity; and had it not been for the consequent excitement, the daily expectation of hearing of his death, the wretched wife must have sunk under the agonies of her remorse. But, when a few weeks were passed, came Jessy with news of his life instead—with grief and consolation, and not a word of reproach. Long and painful was the interview betwixt these two women; and, soon after they parted, the high-strung nerves of Sybilla gave way, and she was mercifully laid upon a bed of sickness. But there was a secret between them now, between the innocent and the guilty, that rendered separation impossible; and before Sybilla rose, a repentant woman, they were knit in close bonds of dependence and support.

Five years have now elapsed; and now and then, perhaps this very day, these two strange friends

bend their still young and beautiful heads together in secret over some little piece of news—from Paris—Vienna—St. Petersburg. For, as the best outlet of never-resting emotions, Godwin had turned himself to music, had spent whole nights in pouring from the strings of his violin songs of his experience. Till at last he began to grow famous; and is now known to the cognoscenti by

a new name—which, after all, is only Jessy's name Italianized—as a musician full of ungovernable fire and pathos, as a wild, erratic, fast-consuming genius, careless at once of emolument and praise. And so, suddenly appearing here and there, he still pours music into ears that understand not the bitter secret of its power.

From Kidd's Journal.

#### THE INDIA-RUBBER TREE OF BRAZIL.

THE caoutchouc tree grows, in general, to the height of forty or fifty feet without branches; then branching, runs up fifteen feet higher. The leaf is about six inches long, thin, and shaped like that of a peach tree. The trees show their working by the number of knots or bunches, made by tapping; and a singular fact is, that when most tapped, they give more milk or sap. As the time of operating is early day, before sunrise the tappers are at hand. The blacks are first sent through the forest, armed with a quantity of soft clay and a small pick-axe. On coming to one of the trees, a portion of the clay is formed into a cup, and stuck to the trunk. The black then striking his pick over the cup, the sap oozes out slowly, a tree giving out daily about a gill. The tapper continues in this way, tapping, perhaps, fifty trees, when he returns, and with a jar passing over the same ground, empties his cups. So, by seven o'clock, the blacks come in with their jars, ready for working. The sap at this stage resembles milk in appearance, and somewhat in taste. It is also frequently drunk with perfect safety. If left standing now, it will curdle like milk, disengaging a watery substance like whey. Shoemakers now arrange themselves to form the gum. Seated in the shade, with a large pan of milk on one side, and on the other a flagon, in which is burned a nut, peculiar to this country, emitting a dense smoke, the operator having his last, or form, held by a long stick or handle, previously besmeared with a soft clay (in order to slip off the shoe when finished), holds it over the pan, and pouring on the milk until it is covered, sets the coating in the smoke, then giving it a second coat, repeats the smoking; and so on with a third and a fourth, until the shoe is of the required thickness, averaging from six to twelve coats.

When finished, the shoes on the forms are placed in the sun the remainder of the day to drip. Next day, if required, they may be figured, being so soft that any impression will be indelibly received. The natives are very dexterous in this work. With a quill and a sharp-pointed stick they will produce finely-lined leaves and flowers, such as you may have seen on the shoes, in an incredibly short space of time. After remaining on the forms two or three days, the shoes are cut open on the top, allowing the last to slip out. They are then tied together, ready for the market. There pedlers and Jews trade for them with merchants, who have them stuffed with straw, and packed in boxes to export. In the same manner any shape may be manufactured.

Thus toys are made of clay forms. After drying, the clay is broken and extracted. Bottles, &c., are made in the same way. According as the gum grows older, it becomes darker in color and more tough. The number of caoutchouc trees in the province is countless. In some parts whole forests exist, and they are frequently cut down for firewood. Although the trees exist in Mexico and the East Indies, there appears to be no importation into this country from these places. The reason, we suppose, must be the want of that fruitfulness which is found in them here. The caoutchouc tree may be worked all the year; but generally, in the wet season, they have rest, owing to the flooded state of the woods; and the milk being

watery, requires more trouble to manufacture the same article than in the dry season.

THE SKY.—It is a strange thing how little, in general, people know about the sky. It is the part of creation in which Nature has done more for the sake of pleasing man, more for the sole and evident purpose of talking to him, and teaching him, than in any other of her works; and it is just the part in which we least attend to her. The noblest scenes of the earth can be seen and known but by few; it is not intended that man should live always in the midst of them—he injures them by his presence—he ceases to feel them if he be always with them. But the sky is for all; bright as it is, it is not “too bright nor good for human nature's daily food;” it is fitted in all its functions for the perpetual comfort and exalting of the heart, for the soothing it and purifying it from dross and dust. Sometimes gentle, sometimes capricious, sometimes awful—never the same for two moments together; almost human in its passions, almost spiritual in its tenderness, almost divine in its infinity; its appeal to what is immortal in us is as distinct as its ministry of chastisement or of blessing to what is mortal is essential. And yet we never attend to it, we never make it a subject of thought, but as it has to do with our animal sensations. We look upon all by which it speaks to us, more clearly than to brutes, upon all which bears witness to the intention of the Supreme, that we are to receive more from the covering vault than the light and the dew that we share with the weed and the worm, only as a succession of meaningless and monotonous accident, too common and too vain to be worthy of a moment of watchfulness or a glance of admiration. If in our moments of utter idleness and insipidity we turn to the sky as a last resource, which of its phenomena do we speak of? One says it has been wet, and another it has been windy, and another it has been warm. Who among the whole clattering crowd can tell me of the forms and the precipices of the chain of tall white mountains that gilded the horizon at noon yesterday? Who saw the narrow sunbeam that came out of the south, and smote upon their summits until they melted and mouldered away in a dust of blue rain? Who saw the dance of the dead clouds when the sunlight left them last night, and the west wind blew them before it like withered leaves? All has passed unregretted or unseen; or, if the apathy be ever shaken off, even for an instant, it is only by what is extraordinary. And yet it is not in the broad and fierce manifestations of the elemental energies, not in the clash of the hail, nor the drift of whirlwind, that the highest characters of the sublime are developed. God is not always so eloquent in the earthquake, nor in the fire, as in “the still, small voice.” They are but the blunt and the low faculties of our nature which can only be addressed through lamp-black and lightning. It is in quiet and subdued passages of unobtrusive majesty, the deep, and the calm, and the perpetual—that which must be sought ere it is seen, and loved ere it is understood—things which the angels work out for us daily, and yet vary eternally, which are never wanting and never repeated, which are to be found always yet each found but once. It is through these that the lesson of devotion is chiefly taught, and the blessing of beauty given.—*John Ruskin.*

From the Times, 1st Sept.

WILLS; SUPERSTITIOUS USES; ESTATES,  
REAL AND PERSONAL.

THERE are few subjects on which the results of philosophical discussion are so much at variance with the general feelings and prejudices of mankind as in the views taken of the right of a testator to dispose of his property after his death. Abstract speculation speedily shows that there may be very many, and must be some, limitations on the right of bequest, while popular feeling is in favor of indulging to the utmost the weakness, the caprice, or the benevolence of a testator. When a signal abuse of the power of testamentary disposition occurs, there is indeed an outcry, but indignation is directed to the individual rather than to the law whose license he has abused. There is no question with regard to testamentary disposition more intricate and difficult than that involved in the law of mortmain. On the one hand, there is popular prejudice in favor of giving every man unrestricted dominion over his own property; on the other, we have not fully outlived the feudal dislike of seeing the lands of the country held in a "dead hand," the natural prepossession in favor of the ties of blood, and, above all, the jealousy of influence which ministers of religion exercise over death-bed penitents seeking to atone for a misspent life by the disinheritance of their children and the ruin of their families. It was, perhaps, too much to expect in a report of a committee of the House of Commons a philosophical disquisition on the question of testamentary disposition, and yet we cannot see how the fitness of the present law can be satisfactorily investigated, or the correction of anomalies undertaken with any reasonable prospect of success, unless some clear and definite principle be laid down and rigidly applied. For such a principle we seek in vain in the report of the Mortmain Committee. How far the method of inquiry which has been pursued has succeeded, in spite of this original defect, will be rendered clear when we shall have briefly shown what the present law of charitable bequests is, and what the committee propose to make it.

The principal restriction on charitable devises is the statute 9 George II., c. 36, usually known as Sir Joseph Jekyll's Act. By this law, land cannot be devised by will for charitable purposes, and, if destined to be so bestowed, the deed must be executed a year before the donor's death, must be irrevocably enrolled in Chancery, must contain no reservations for the benefit of the grantor, and must take effect immediately. Personal property, when not intended to be converted into land, is under no such restrictions. Besides this, legacies and devises to the Roman Catholic Church, made in the time of the old persecuting laws, now repealed, and gifts to superstitious uses—that is, for the benefit of the testator after his death—are still void.

The manner in which the committee propose to deal with a state of law so very contradictory and anomalous is very remarkable. They do not propose to repeal Sir Joseph Jekyll's Act, but merely to amend it by requiring some greater degree of publicity; and this provision it is proposed to extend to legacies of personal estate, by requiring a return of the charitable purpose to be made to certain commissioners appointed for the purpose. The committee recommend the withdrawal from the provisions of Sir Joseph Jekyll's Act of those

descriptions of personal estate to which it applies, the repeal of the act of Edward VI., on which is founded the law against superstitious uses, and a new declaration by act of Parliament of what are to be deemed charities and superstitious uses.

The first observation which suggests itself on these recommendations is, that, great as are the anomalies of our present law, the committee will leave them greater than they found them. It must strike any one as extremely strange that it should be absolutely illegal to devise land to a charity, or even to convey it by deed, except under a vast number of the most jealous restrictions, and yet that there should be no objection to a bequest of stock, shares, or any of those numerous forms which the property of the nation is day by day assuming. What is the principle which can suggest or justify so astounding a difference? When land was looked upon as an instrument of government, and as the means of providing defence for the country, such a distinction was grounded on the nature of things; but some strong reason should be given for its perpetuation now—and that reason the report of the committee does not afford.

Day by day the opinion of mankind is tending more decidedly towards the abolition of the distinction between real and personal property. The notion of reality or stability as connected with the land, and of a fugitive or transitory character as belonging to movable property, is the idea of a barbarous and predatory age, quite unworthy to influence the views of a civilized and progressive community. Land is coming more and more to be regarded not as a possession *sui generis*, but as one among the vast number of instruments which human ingenuity employs for the creation and multiplication of wealth. To devise means by which it may be more easily transferred and rendered available for the purposes of commerce, is one of the greatest problems which can engage the attention of the statesman or philosopher. Yet, where everything tends to throw down distinctions and divisions, the committee seek to build them up. For retaining the restrictions on land, and perpetuating the absence of restriction on personal property, no reason is given, and it would be extremely difficult to suggest one. If the alienation of land for charitable purposes be hemmed round with jealous restrictions, it is not because of the peculiar nature of land, but because, to use the words of the preamble of the statute, "many large and improvident alienations or dispositions are made by languishing or dying persons, or other persons, to uses called 'charitable uses,' to take place after their deaths, to the dispersion of their lawful heirs." This is a clear declaration of the Legislature—first, that bequest ought not to be made by languishing or dying persons; secondly, that to make provision for a man's family is a better object than the so-called charitable uses; and, thirdly, that such disposition, if made at all, should take place by instrument *inter vivos*, and not by will to take effect after death. These principles the committee cordially adopt as to land, and negative as to personality. And yet all the evils against which the statutes are levelled are quite as applicable to wills of personality as to wills of land. Would the case of the late Mr. Taylor, of Weybridge, who cut his eldest son down to an estate for life, leaving, by a will, made after he was eighty years of age, the inheritance in remainder to the Vicar-Apostolical of the



Catholic Church for the time being, have been at all less deplorable if the legacy had been of stock instead of land! May not languishing or dying persons make a foolish disposition of personality as well as realty? and is the affliction of a disinherited family at all consoled by the reflection that it is only personality they are deprived of, and that, had their superstitious ancestors died possessed of realty, the case would have been different? The evil of the so-called charitable uses of which the statute speaks with so much contempt, and of the dispersion of families which it treats with so much sympathy, is just the same whether the *corpus delicti* be personality or realty. There is every reason why the two cases should be dealt with alike, and none that can be suggested why they should be distinguished. Conventional and unmeaning divisions we can have in abundance without the help of a parliamentary committee. What we have a right to ask from them is, an explosion of vulgar fallacies, and a discrimination founded on real and not nominal distinctions.

Neither can we reconcile ourselves to the proposed repeal of the law against superstitious uses. To allow a man to dispose of his property for the benefit of his soul, and bribe the powers of the next world with that which he is unable any longer to enjoy in this, is a transaction too full of selfishness on one side, and imposture on the other, to be tolerated in any well-governed country. Something may be supplied in the place of the law repealed, but we have no reason to think it will be as efficient as that law, and much, from the present constitution of Parliament, to dread that it will not. A single good recommendation of the Mortmain Committee is to give increased publicity to deeds and devises to charitable uses. Their evil effect is to narrow the application of the salutary act of George II., by excluding from its operation money directed to be laid out on land secured by mortgage, or otherwise charged, and, while increasing the control of a dying sinner over his property, to enlarge the purposes to which he can apply it, by abrogating the present salutary restraints on superstitious uses. This is not the direction which the required remedy ought to assume, and we can only regret that so much labor has been employed in devising measures which will compromise without conciliating, and increase the already too extensive influence which priests of all denominations can exercise over the disposition of personal property.

#### A FLORIDA WATERING-PLACE.

My cousin accompanied me to the spring—he stopped at what I took to be an enormous hole of water. I asked him where the spring was; at which he pointed to the great basin of water.

"What!" said I, "do you call this immense hole a spring?"

"Yes," he replied, "this is one of the small springs of this country."

This small spring is about sixty feet in diameter, and about fifteen or twenty feet deep. "Well," said I, "how do the people get the water to drink; do they lie down to it?"

"Oh, no," said he, "there is the cup hanging over your head."

I looked up and saw a tin cup, which I took down and filled with water. I drank off about a pint—it was very disagreeable, being of a warm temperature, I supposed about sixty or sixty-five

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degrees, and having a strong taste of sulphur; however, I thought it might do me some good. After drinking, I inquired where people bathed.

"There," said he, pointing to the spring.

"What!" exclaimed I, "people with all kinds of cutaneous diseases bathe in the spring?"

"Oh," said he, "it soon runs off."

I felt sorry that I had drank any of the water.

"But," said I, "the water is too deep for ladies."

He pointed to a log that lay across the lower part of the spring and said, "The ladies bathe below that log, the water there is about waist deep, and there are steps for them to go down on." I saw some very rough-looking steps. "The men," he remarked, "or rather such as can swim, go out on that plank which you see projecting over the water, and jump in; and there is the dressing-house."

The dressing-house was only a tent made of palmetto leaves. "But," said I, "do ladies and gentlemen bathe together?"

"Oh, no," was his reply.

"Well," I asked, "how can ladies tell when gentlemen are bathing, or how can gentlemen know that ladies are in the water?"

"I will show you on our return," he said; so about fifty yards from the spring he directed my attention to a board hung on a tree near the path. There was "gentlemen" written on one side of it, and "ladies" on the other, with charcoal. "Now, when ladies come to bathe, they turn the side with ladies written on it out, and if gentlemen come down and see that they go back; and when ladies come down and see the side with gentlemen turned out, they go back."

And this is the Orange Spring with its "fixens." It is situated in a beautiful grove of palmettos not far from the Orange Lake from which it derives its name.—*Journey to Florida.*

A KIND WORD WITH JONATHAN.—Perish all the cod and mackerel in the ocean—fine eating as they are—before we go to war with brother Jonathan for a cause as scaly as any fish can be that have no scales. We can't think of quarrelling with Jonathan about fish at a time when our general enemy is plotting everywhere to reduce us, in a greater measure than we like, to a fish diet; and would, if possible, move all the nations, and heaven and earth, and another place also, even worse than Ireland, against us for that end. We must recollect that Jonathan is now the only national creature of any importance, except ourself, that is not priest-ridden and soldier-ridden; the soldier in the saddle, and the jack-priest on the crupper. Our natural relation to Jonathan at present should be that of a league, offensive and defensive, against despotism and papal petticoat government all over the world.—*Punch.*

WALKING THE PLANK.—Napoleon the Great called the throne "a plank covered with velvet." Napoleon the Little is at present busy "walking this plank," and though he has kept himself up hitherto with wonderful good luck, still it would be too much for any one to say whether he will be able to maintain his equilibrium with the same steadiness until he gains his end. And when he does, who can tell whether, at that very point, he may not suddenly fall over and disappear in the "sea of difficulties" that, for some time, has been raging underneath him. Far happier to be Prince Albert, and "walk the slopes" every morning.—*Punch.*

From the United Service Magazine.

## THE DESCENT ON LA VENDEE IN 1815.

BY R. G. WELCH, COMMANDER R. N.

In April, 1815, during the "hundred days" which preceded the downfall of Napoleon, Portsmouth had shaken off her six months' slumber, and seemed to have gone back a year upon the roll of time. The High-street—a scene of unwonted bustle—displayed military and naval uniforms in abundance; the parade was a real *place d'armes*; the dock-yard, roused into activity, resounded once more with the "busy note of preparation;" and the people of the town (eager in pursuit of gain, and having languished under the then recent and brief suspension of hostilities), participated in the opinions which Shakspeare, in his "Coriolanus," has put into the mouth of the servants of Aufidius: "Why, now we shall have a stirring world again. Peace is nothing, but to rust iron, and breed ballad-makers. Let us have war; it exceeds peace, as day does night; it's sprightly, waking, audible, and full of vent. Peace is a very apoplexy, lethargy; muffled, deaf, sleepy, insensible."

Crowded with ships, Spithead had also assumed a new aspect; frigates were lying at single anchor waiting the signal to weigh; small craft were ready to spread, like wild-fire, the news of war over the face of the globe; transports were arriving with troops from America, or departing for ultimate Waterloo; and one or two line-of-battle ships, recalled to be paid off, were being refitted for another foreign station, and, it might be, for another five years.

The present writer then belonged to the *Astræa*, a smart frigate, commanded by Edward Kittow, a captain fitted in every way for the particular service on which he was ordered, namely, to convey the Marquis de la Rochejaquelein, and about thirty royalist French officers, to the coast of La Vendée, where an army of the old stamp was gathering for a demonstration in favor of the Bourbons, and eagerly looking for their general, together with the "sinews of war," in weapon and munition, which England was to send them.

If the reader, who may have perused Madame de la Rochejaquelein's interesting memoir of the first Vendéan War, will take a map of France in provinces, he will there trace the march of the gallant men who fought the battles of their king, from the Bocage (the centre of which is Bourbon Vendée), through Poitou and Bretagne. He will see the old names of St. Florent, Angers, Beaupréau, Bressuire; and track the host through dangers and difficulties little less than were encountered, in their exodus, by the Israelites. He will then follow the single-hearted Frenchmen on to Dol and to Pontorson, where, instead of the English army, reinforced by their own emigrants, which we, as they say, had taught them to expect, they beheld, on one side, an opposing republican force of overwhelming strength, and, on the other, the wild sea.

It was a lamentable error of England, that of allowing this band of loyal victims to march to certain death—encouraging them to expect relief which was never sent, or at least not at the proper time.\*

\* In her memoir of the disastrous Civil War in La Vendée, about sixty years ago, the Marchioness de la Rochejaquelein, alluding to what she conceived to be the forfeited promises of our country, says, "During the three

But many years had passed since that fatal period. A new generation, inflamed with the old ardor, had sprung up; a new effort was to be made—an effective blow was to be struck. A peasant army had once more congregated, and another La Rochejaquelein would be in the field.

All was loyalty, heroism, hope! But one now reigned in France who would scarcely permit a civil war to "drag its slow length along"—one who had staked his all upon the die, and who was hurrying events toward their crisis with a speed which only his energy could command.

It was now May, or late in April. In seven short weeks would be fought—

—that giant fight  
Which crushed Napoleon's power and saved the world.

As yet, however, the usurper's fate lay in the web of time; but a master hand was approaching which would quickly help him to unravel it; and God was above all.

Louis de la Rochejaquelein, husband of the lady already alluded to, and brother of the celebrated Henri, whose spirited and spirit-stirring address to the Vendéans ("*Si j'avance, suivez moi—si je recule, tuez moi—si je tombe, vengez moi!*") is still

days that we passed at Fougères, two emigrants arrived from England. Both were disguised as peasants. The despatches were hidden in a hollow stick. They read first a letter of the King of England, in which help was generously offered them. A letter of Mr. Dundas entered much more into details. He began by inquiring what our object was, and what were our political principles. He added, that the English government was quite disposed to assist us, that troops were ready to bear upon any point that we should name. He indicated Granville, as appearing preferable. In the almost desperate situation of the army, nothing was to be neglected; and it was a point of great importance to take a sea-port, by the assistance of the English, in which we might deposit the *crowd of women, children, and wounded*, who embarrassed the march of the army. The port of Granville had already been spoken of; M. D'O \*\*\* said it would be easy to take it by surprise. The attack was decided on. The King of England's letter was answered with expressions of respect and gratitude. A memorial to Mr. Dundas was minutely drawn up. He was assured, once more, that the Vendéans had no other intention than to replace their king on the throne. They solicited for reinforcements of troops of the line, or, at least, artillery and engineers; and they represented how destitute they were of ammunition, of military stores, and of money. Leaving Fougères, after having rested there three days, the army marched to Granville, by Dol, Pontorson, and Avranches. The attack began at nine o'clock at night. Some ladders were the only means our men had of entering a town surrounded by ramparts; yet the first ardor of the soldiers was so great, that the suburbs were carried, and they scaled the outworks of the place by planting bayonets in the walls. The republicans defended themselves obstinately, and succeeded in setting fire to the suburbs. Disorder began then to show itself in the Vendéan army. The soldiers, whose first onset had ultimately failed, were discouraged as usual. The attack from which they hoped most, was along a flat shore which the tide left uncovered; it did not succeed, because two small vessels from St. Malo demolished the Vendéan batteries. The poor army vainly expected assistance from the English, whose great expedition could not have arrived; but, as they must have heard the cannon in Jersey, they might have sent vessels and reinforcements. Their mere appearance would have secured us the victory. The long range of the cannon on the ramparts, to which our men were unaccustomed, disheartened them, though the chiefs and other officers redoubled their efforts. At last, M. de la Rochejaquelein (Henri) was forced to consent to a retreat. The attack had lasted thirty-six hours; there was no keeping the men any longer. We had no provisions; the ammunition was nearly exhausted; and we were without any hope of present help from the English."

fresh in our memories—this chieftain, one of the finest-looking men I ever saw—embarked on a brilliant spring morning with his staff and the stern old royalists who were to organize his army.

We beat round Bembridge with a six-knot breeze; bore up, set studding-sails, and shaped a course down Channel. All looked propitious. Even the case of white cockades which burst its bonds, and spread its whole contents over the quarter-deck, was hailed as a good omen, and excited the surrounding Vendéans to raise a shout of exultation, and to dance for joy. An aide-de-camp, who had served in the imperial army, and had been wounded, or, as he phrased it, "spoiled in the leg," (though it had not suffered as to symmetry)—who sang Troubadour songs, and hung a portrait of his mistress round his neck, raised to his lips a handful of the white cockades which lay on the deck and pressed them to his heart.

"Where do we take these madmen?" demanded one of the Astræa's officers of the first lieutenant.

"Noirmoutier, Isle d'Yeu, Sables d'Olonnes, St. Gilles. Now you know as much as I do," replied Bulford.\* "But wait a bit; there is method in their madness."

I had never till now heard there were such places in the world. I spoke some French; I made inquiries; I became mixed up with our royalist friends; and I was noticed by the marquis, whom I begged to interest himself with Captain Kittoe, that I might accompany him in some capacity in the field. This request could not be granted; the honor was conferred on one of the elder midshipmen; but, in effect, none of us went. The work was over too soon; and, for myself, I received a hurt afterwards which would, at all events, have disabled me from attending.

Meanwhile, we were proceeding, though slowly. May weather set in with its variable winds. The French royalists were perplexed in their endeavors to beguile the time, though there was no lack of gaiety aboard, and music sounded abaft on the quarter-deck. The old Vendéans, however, kept aloof in knots, debating solemnly some mysterious subject, or talking with their chief, while the younger men played several instruments, and sang heroic songs. According to their own statement, they had composed a march in honor of La Rochejaquelein. It might be so; but I have since often heard it in the vaudevilles—a scrap here and there—to express "*Le départ, et l'absence*," or the casting off an "*Enfant prodigue*."

Kittoe spoke admirable French, and the marquis excellent English. A good feeling was quickly excited towards the royalist officers, who looked to our captain and their own general for encouragement and protection. Bulford smiled, though he seemed to think the quarter deck a little disorganized. "But, poor fellows!" exclaimed he, "they may all be killed next week!"

A perfect affection seemed to have sprung up between our captain and the Vendéan general; and, indeed, the latter, without apparent effort, had, in a short time, gained all our hearts. A certain fascination was in his manner, which I have since learned is peculiar to a La Rochejaquelein. There was also a manliness about him—something of the English cast—fined down to that perfect

breeding and grace which an intelligent Frenchman so eminently possesses.

His tall and well-proportioned figure, and remarkably noble features, are still in my mind's eye, as he stood watching the feathery vane on the quarter, scarcely lifted by the light air, while, under royals and all studding-sails, we slipped through a glassy sea. He had need of much philosophy to sustain him, and he possessed it. To our captain's encouraging words, he replied, "Surely, surely! we are in the hands of God. He knows what is best for us. But a single day may be worth many lives."

I can recollect the names of only two other Frenchmen on board; *videlicet* Beaufort—of whom we saw no more after he had landed, though we felt convinced that he did not disgrace his Norman patronymic—and Gourbillon. Beaufort was a "great drill," we heard. But he had only one recruit—the general domestic of the party—on whom to bestow his instructions, and keep his own hand in the practice of tuition. At length, however, *Mon ami Pierre* turned sulky and struck work. He had here made his *premières armes*. Of Gourbillon presently.

Another man, with ear-rings, high boots, and a theatrical air, whom we nicknamed the "Sceneshifter," told me he was formerly *Capitaine de Cavalerie sous Napoleon*. But we thought it more probable that he had been a trumpeter, for he was perfectly master of the warlike instrument. By his own account, there were few things that he could not do, or had not done; he affirmed that he was alike brave and distinguished in the Russian campaign and the fight at Montmartre, where he had saved a squadron of his regiment by hoisting the *drapeau blanc*, reëntering Paris with a rush of Cossacks at his heels. His joining the Bourbons seemed to be a measure of expediency, for his heart evidently inclined to the emperor. "*Mais*," said he, on one occasion, "*que peut on faire quand on est chassé par des Cosaques?*" (grimace and shrug.) "*Et d'ailleurs—n'en parlons plus—voilà le Général!*"

Avoiding Noirmoutier, we touched at Isle d'Yeu, or, at least, the captain pulled in to feel the popular pulse; but quickly received a hint (in a dropping fire of musquetry from the Invalides in garrison) that his presence could be dispensed with. In the night we landed some Frenchmen on the main land further south; and the next day, or next but one, all being ripe and ready, in we stood for St. Gilles, followed by the Cephalus and Opossum, and two transports laden with arms. Lord John Hay and Captain Furneaux commanded the brig. The Telegraph and Dwarf also joined us to assist.

On the previous evening we had got the trawl over; and my friend of the ear-rings having missed his leap to the waist-hammocks to see the draught of fishes, pulled the immense deep-sea-lead, which was attached to the net, down upon his foot on the gangway, and suffered intolerable pain. Whether rightly or wrongly, he was a suspected man; and the marquis, sympathizing in his suffering, insisted that he should not undergo the difficulty of landing with the rest. The accident seemed to have fallen on the very man who could best be spared. He nevertheless implored permission to proceed ashore with his countrymen, declaring that he could *ride*, though he could not *walk*, and that he would follow or precede the general to death. His entreaties appeared to be

\* John Bulford, to the present day no more than a lieutenant, had gained some experience of the French, as his services in the navy list will show.

in vain—for the present, at least—though the chief was afterward prevailed with.

On going down to the steerage, after the refusal of his request, our *soi-disant* "captain" abandoned himself to an excess of rage which I have never seen equalled. His tempestuous abuse of the marquis was declaimed, for our edification, in broken English; and its choice and peculiarly significant phraseology by no means did credit to the school in which he had studied our language.

Presently, he took his favorite instrument from its case, and blew a blast "so loud and dread" as would have set all the horses of a troop upon their mettle. "Ah, ha!" vociferated he with a hideous grimace, "how they shall do without this! Sare," he continued, catching the mate of the lower-deck by his jacket, "Sare, you shall not do nothing without the trumpet—hy G—!" he added, after a moment's pause.

All this was lost on the sailor; but, replacing the brazen treasure, he limped once more to the quarter-deck, and, with tears and fresh protestations, prevailed on the general to recall his veto.

The weather had become somewhat stormy for the time; that is, there was a strong wind; but the landing of officers, arms, and ammunition, was effected without loss or damage. Looking on from the beach, as he landed, the general exclaimed in excellent English, "Admirable! admirable! Brave fellows! fine sailors!" as each case was brought dry through the surf of the Atlantic (now pouring heavily in), and shouldered and carried briskly up by our active boats' crews.

On quitting the ship, the marquis did not take a formal leave. He intended, he said, to return, and, in person, welcome us all to La Vendée; he would merely see his men come off.

"*Mais, l'homme propose!*" It was not easy for La Rochejaquelein to separate himself, even for an hour, from the confusion of an undisciplined multitude like that which, after long expectation, had now found the almost godlike ideal of their hopes. The bold Vendéans surrounded him as he ascended the beach, and kneeled for his blessing. Acclamations rent the air; tears of joy were shed; fair women clasped his hands; while brown peasants from Clisson and La Roche-sur-Yonne, and, indeed, from all the Bocage, pressed forward for a smile of recognition. A magnificent black charger awaited him with housings in which the Bourbon color was predominant.

Grasping the white reins, he mounted quickly into what seemed his familiar seat. He then rode slowly in amongst the crowd. If I mistake not he had served under Napoleon in a regiment of Carbineers; but the action of La Rochejaquelein, whether on horseback or on foot, was so full of grace and accomplishment, that it seemed to be the peculiar one in which he was expressly formed to shine.

Far, however, from his mind was all idea of display. He was instantly making arrangements with the tact of an experienced man; the peasant troops were divided, told off, armed and munitioned. Chiefs were summoned, commands given, a commissariat established, and order was restored as by magic, where, not an hour previously, all seemed hopeless confusion. In the midst was heard the trumpet of our scenic friend.

The host now filled the little town of St. Gilles; but the centre of interest lay in the "*Place*," with its shade of lime-trees, to one of which the general's horse was afterwards often tied, the

peasants guarding it with a veneration only second to that which they nobly manifested for himself.

A stream runs through the town, dividing it in two parts. On the one side, its flatness scarcely afforded a tenable position, save the windows and roofs of houses; but on the other, the church with its square tower, commands the principal points around. It was of importance to secure this edifice in case of dangers yet unlooked for. But the religious feelings of the Vendéans required to be conciliated; a popular dislike existed to the occupation of so sacred a place, which, however, afterwards fell into the hands of the enemy, in whose estimation sanctity was very inferior to military advantage.

It was curious to see the avidity with which our Tower-muskets were seized by the peasants, who threw into the sea their small, thin-barrelled fowling-pieces, several of which we picked up at low water, and found to be utterly useless. We were, perhaps, a week or ten days engaged in this place; by which time about 20,000 men had gathered round the White Standard.

The weather had again become that of a French May. The Vendéans, under constant drill and exercise, looked forward to a summer campaign, and were now with fatal confidence, ready to take the field. They had no uniform, except the distinguishing white scarfs of the officers. The cavalry was mounted upon agricultural horses with accoutrements in keeping. Of artillery they had, I believe, only two pieces; and in the then political circumstances of France, it was next to impossible that there should have been any well-grounded plan of operations.

Louis must have foreseen this; but the Bocage had called on him, and he was a La Rochejaquelein. Abundance of zeal, however, existed, with undaunted bravery, and a *prestige* of former great doings under the gallant Lescure (first husband of the Marchioness de la Rochejaquelein) and the devoted Henri. And were there not still Bonechamps and D'Autichamps, and Stofflets, and Charrettes, and a host of other names amongst them, watchwords in the old Vendéan fights?

The imperial troops were said to be at a considerable distance, every available man having, it was believed, been drawn off to the north-eastern frontier. An unaccountable ignorance seemed to have existed that General La Marque, with a couple of regiments of the line, and some Invalides, was now on his march to interrupt the progress of our peasant-army. All, indeed, was warlike preparation; but the Vendéan host appeared to be lost in security, neglecting the proper lookout, and not employing the usual scouts of every force in the field, or about to take it. Even the general himself, it is supposed, relied too confidently on the information he had first received, and doubted that any opposition was at hand.

I was looking from the ship about five o'clock on a calm afternoon, while Bulford and the captain, with several boats, were on shore. As I swept the line of coast southward with my glass, I perceived a glittering array of bayonets glancing from behind the sand-hills that lined it for a considerable distance. A brigade of Imperialist infantry was marching upon St. Gilles! Yes, an enemy was within a league of the town, and—I may be wrong in my belief—not a soul of the garrison knew it!

A six-oared cutter (our boats pulled single-banked) was instantly despatched with the warn-



ing. The men used almost superhuman efforts; but as the boat's keel grated on the beach, a bugle sounded. A confused rush ensued. "*Aux armes!*" was vociferated. The general ran to the tree where his horse stood, leaped on him, called his staff around, and, followed by his young aide-de-camp, galloped off.

None knew better than he the sort of foe he had to deal with, as he had, I believe, made the Leipsic campaign, and others in Germany, under Napoleon. And here, surrounded by a peasant-army in what appeared to be irremediable disorder, he was to oppose a front to disciplined troops, accustomed to move as one man, and thoroughly inured to war. The marquis must have performed prodigies of soldiiership to get that mass of raw volunteers, gallant and eager as they were, into any sort of order; but he did so. Those who were first collected, went deliberately to the front, and marched out to battle.

In an incredibly short space of time, the enemy had advanced to the *enceinte* of the town, which was as open as London. A volley was soon heard and quickly returned; the foremost troops on each side were hotly engaged. Volley after volley rapidly succeeded; and very terrible was the *fusillade*, which lasted for a couple of hours, amidst the uproar of large bodies of men, thousands of whom, on one side at least, had never before been under fire, and were now taken by surprise.

Once more the general, with his black charger and white reins, dashed through the opening crowd, and spurred away to reorganize the left. The Vendéans had been driven in; this was the last we saw of the gallant La Rochejaquelein!

Our boats returned to the ship, leaving the captain on shore during the *mêlée*. The situation was not new to him. He spoke French like a native; and his British uniform and commanding appearance were probably of use to his friend the marquis. From him we afterwards learned that a retreat had been imperative. The retreating Vendéans gained the right or north bank of the stream, but not the church, which unfortunately was garrisoned by the enemy.

I write from memory of many years back, when I was but a stripling, and am therefore open to the correction of any officers of my ship still living. I regret to say Captain Kittoe is not amongst them.

As the imperialist troops advanced they were decimated by the murderous fire of the peasants of the Bocage, who, each man for himself, as well as the indifferently-formed line, disputed the ground inch by inch, and made a fortress of every available spot. But all in vain! The Eagle, before night-fall, was in possession of half St. Gilles. Here was a doleful repetition of the ruinous attack on Granville by the Vendéans upwards of twenty years previously!

Early next morning, one of the lieutenants of the *Astrée*, landing for intelligence, and walking up to the scene of a desultory fire of musketry (thus, be it said, exceeding his orders), was wounded in the breast. The ball, which was fired from the church, had passed through a shutter standing partly open from a house in the street, which broke its force, or our lieutenant must have been killed. He was conducted to the general, who had passed unscathed through that desperate fight, and even yet cherished, or at least expressed, hopes of still overcoming the enemy in the field. He was in his usual even spirits, delighted with

the behavior of his men, and desiring nothing better than to stand or fall with those who had shown such devotion to himself and the good cause. He took the ball out of the lieutenant's breast; and, quickly dressing the wound, which, fortunately, from the intervening shutter, was not deep, despatched him with an arranged communication between ourselves and his staff; and the royalists marched out into the plain.

That communication failed, principally from ignorance of the French language in the otherwise clever officer who had, on this particular day, the duty. Probably the general wished to appoint another rendezvous; but whatever may have been the verbal despatch, it was lost forever.

The boat had been hauled up on the beach out of the surf, or, for concealment, at a spot indicated. The expected messenger duly came, fraught with news of great importance, as it seemed; but the English lieutenant and the Vendéan scout had no common medium of intelligence. The captain, however, it was well known would understand. He was on board, waiting with great anxiety for some communication from the marquis, who he had good reason to believe was driven to extremity. The messenger, with all the fiery impatience of a Frenchman, and of one, moreover, who, being on a dangerous errand, knew he should immediately be shot, if intercepted by the enemy, wrote his message with chalk on the boat's bows; he also wrote it again on the back-board. On his departure, the boat was launched; but in going off, the bubble of a light swell by degrees washed off the chalk; and when alongside the ship, every word had disappeared. Yet there was still the back-board; from this also the writing was obliterated by the officers (there were two) who had leaned against it in the way on board.

The captain, we may well believe,

Was something more than wroth.

A battle had been fought at St. Serviere, and the Vendéans were utterly routed. What, indeed, could a partially disciplined force, however numerous, in comparison with their opponents, effect against two regiments of Napoleon's veterans! Rumors were abroad of La Rochejaquelein's death; but as yet we obtained no certain intelligence; and our excitement and anxiety were intense.

Defeat, however, soon told its usual tale. The vanquished and the flying had sought their homes; wounded men were brought into St. Gilles by scores; and all was disorder and demoralization. Bulford, with three midshipmen, landing and penetrating a few miles into the country, barely escaped being made prisoners, and perhaps shot. They owed their lives to their horsemanship, having seized upon four steeds, whose owners were in a *cabaret*, and then galloped down at speed to the boat. Amongst others, Gourbillon was brought on board the following morning; his clothes were in shreds, and his body was riddled with balls; but, wonderful to state, no vital part had been touched.

Too true, the marquis was killed! and with him the young aide-de-camp, whom we used to "draw out" on the subject of his wars and loves. Beaufort was also gone; and most of those we had brought out from England were either wounded, dead, or scattered abroad. One was safe—"the trumpeter." There was talk of treachery. I do not know his name, and might not tell it if I did; but report said, that in the night before the battle,

our friend of the ear-rings had commanded a patrol of forty mounted men. With much daring, he approached the enemy's piquets. "*Qui vive?*" was demanded. "Napoleon!" was the reply; and in dashed "the trumpeter," who was well received, and probably heeded not the fire that his new, or rather old, friends sent among the retreating files who galloped off and left him.

An attack on the Vendéens' weakest point, (led it was rumored, by the traitor) took place at daylight. Many versions of the affair were given, but all tended to the same sad end; and, whether killed by treachery or in fair fight, it was certain that the brave Marquis de la Rochejaquelein was no more.

We cruised between Sables D'Olonnes, and St. Gilles to little purpose, and were nearing Rochfort, when, as it proved, we were within hearing of the guns of the Bellerophon (Captain Maitland) the day previous to that on which Napoleon was received on board.

We were of course at this time all enthusiasm—on an enemy's coast, and employed on frigate service—as different from that of line-of-battle ships in a fleet as can well be imagined. The fact is, an English frigate of the inshore squadron, and ordered to watch so many miles of coast, was a most arrant busy-body—eminently *tracassière* in short, and meddling with everybody else's affairs, particularly French. And where the gale and the lee-shore rendered this prying hazardous, and the good people of the locality thought she had bid them "good by" for a full due—with the first glimpse of fine weather, there she was with her *petit nez retroussé*, at her meddling work again! There was no peace for her.

Sometimes she got a shot—indeed, she was always just within, or just without, gun-shot; but it only roused her temper, and she sent her boats away and cut out a convoy, or took the battery and spiked the guns—perhaps did all three, and destroyed the telegraphs, next day—doing all the mischief she possibly could in the shortest space of time. She was incurable. And yet there was an *abandon* about her, found to be quite irresistible.

To be serious—it is certain that such times can never be again; for steam judges its distance, and, if machinery holds, may defy all circumstance. There cannot, as in the sailing vessel, be that exciting sense of danger, with its corresponding love of enterprise, which, while running in to perform some hazardous piece of service, kept us uncertain what would be our fate that night. The ship might be caught too close to the shore in a gale, or be swept in by the tide, if the wind should fail, and thus be powerless to help herself or her boats, now perhaps far beyond her reach.

Yet, how every difficulty was surmounted!—how just her captain's reasonings! how admirable his combinations amid all the anxiety and sense of great responsibility that pressed upon him! It was the constant dwelling of the mind upon contingent circumstances, the provision, as it were, of shift and antidote for every accident that might befall, that made the navy what it was. See the result of such apprenticeship at Trafalgar, the Nile, and elsewhere! For so were the several ships commanded that composed our fleets. But the perfection of frigate service was during the last ten years of the war. This, however, by the way.

At length came Waterloo; and all was as nothing to that one great and stirring theme. In the

singleness of our hearts, we speculated upon the rapture with which the Vendéan general, had he lived, would have heard the glorious intelligence. Yet this is doubtful. His sovereign was restored, it is true; but could a Frenchman have learned his countrymen's sad disaster and terrible defeat with unmixed feelings?

The policy of encouraging such expeditions as we had lately been engaged in, is very questionable. To what good had tended the loss of so many hundred lives? To what end the sacrifices of that excellent man, Louis de la Rochejaquelein! The fate of great nations must be settled by great battles; and it would have been as a drop of water to the ocean, even had the demonstration in La Vendée succeeded. Europe, with her disciplined masses, was in arms against the usurper; the seat of operations was undoubtedly the eastern frontier; it was there, as every statesman knew, that the day must be decided. Why, then, did we encourage a handful of loyal and devoted men to attempt impossibilities? Had England said at once, "You shall have no aid from us—it would be only luring you to destruction"—had she withheld him, who asked her for a frigate, from pursuing his vain, though gallant course, his order might yet boast of one of its most lustrous ornaments, and a now mourning family might still have the consolation of his valuable life to guide, support, and cheer.

THE FORBIDDEN BLUSH.—Red, it is said, enrages the bovine race; but we doubt the fact, stated as a peculiar trait. The thousands of instances in which old women with red cloaks, farmers with red waist-coats, and young girls with red ribands, have braved herds of horned cattle, are forgotten, in favor of the instances in which some unlucky wight with red appurtenances of one sort or other has been gored and trampled.

It is true that the baited bull of the Spanish arena is inflamed by a red flag waved before his eyes; but we question whether any other gentleman would not be equally irritated by the same treatment, and whether any other color would not serve. Take any grandee, for example, place him in the arena, shoot into his sides a few small darts adorned with fuses, whirrigigs, and other variations of pyrotechnic art, prick him with a few sharp goads, then wave a riband of any color before his eyes, and see if human irritability is not as much excited as bovine would be—ay, even though the riband be yellow.

The greatest argument with which we are acquainted in favor of the red theory, is the conduct of French officials and other Austrianized animals. In Spain, a man may wear a red smoking or travelling cap, and even a red sash, without molestation; but, as we have observed experimentally, no sooner does he cross the frontier than the official flies at him and obliges him to relinquish the forbidden hue. It is a French axiom at present, that gules and government cannot coëxist within the Gallic boundary. The antipathy extends, to a certain degree, throughout Absolutist domains. The reason for it is still obscure. Rouge is the ensign of two orders—the meretricious, and the ultra-republican; but "supported by seven millions," "My lord his highness, the Prince President," cannot be alarmed at the mere memory of the Leicester Square classes of society. Red, however, is the color of blood, and, probably, "My lord," &c., in common with his fellow-philanthropists of Naples and Vienna, may feel a fainting-qualm at the sight. One proof of the supposition is, that when it became necessary for his plans to shed it, he tried to do so in the dark.—*Spectator*.

From the Examiner, 28th August.

"PROTECTION" TO FISHERIES.

WE have heard it calculated by Frenchmen that every pound of fish consumed by them, or sold by them to be consumed in other countries, costs them dearer than a similar quantity of fowl, venison, or game, the most delicate of viands. What with bounties of various kinds, with laws obliging French vessels to be overmanned, and with the duty on salt, the price of fish is rendered so dear to the Frenchman as to be a sensibly heavy burden, a great part of which he is obliged to pay whether he eats the fish or not.

Take the herring fishery at present carried on off the coast of Scotland by the French boats. These boats compose no considerable portion of the fishing craft of the French ports in the Channel. There are not too many of them for the regular supply of the Paris and other internal markets. But in August a portion of these leave Paris with a short supply, and set off to the coasts of Scotland; to fish for herrings they allege, but really to pocket the bounty. As their sole object is the bounty, they purchase herrings wherever they can do so, from the English and Scotch local fisheries, cure them, and make off home. The French government, perceiving this, does not put an end to the cheat altogether, but sends a fleet of cruisers and steamers-of-war to prevent the French fishermen from buying English-caught fish. Add to the bounty the cost of this war-fleet, and add to both the consideration that there would not be a boat or a sailor the less in the harbors from Cherbouurg to Dunkirk were there no herring fishery off the coast of Scotland at all, and you may calculate how much France pays for her herrings. She pays for "takes" that are never taken, while she encourages by her bounties the very industry they are meant to discourage.

Yet France has more excuse than America for committing such absurdity. For France, vast as it is, has very few seaports, the greater part of them small and tidal ones; and these ports are situated on remote spots of her territory, where the agricultural population is rude and sparse, and sometimes Celtic, so that the dislike to the sea is great even in these maritime districts. There is no eager current, as with us, of young life and enterprise to the sea; so that it is hardly to be wondered at that France, strenuously bent on becoming a maritime power, should make extravagant, expensive, and mistaken efforts to secure sailors, and should mulct its good people in the interior in taxation extraordinary, simply that their brethren on the coast may be induced and coaxed to go to sea.

The great nation of the United States has certainly not the same excuse to tax its agriculturists and backwoodsmen for the chance of an increase to its mariners. The United States has ports, shores, and harbors, with a teeming, amphibious, enterprising population within them, the country full of produce, the minds of the people awake with education and knowledge, with facilities of acquiring wealth, with the power of employing it. America is, in fact, a country in which protection to sailors, to fisheries, or indeed to anything, ought to be received with an outburst of laughter. That must be a sickly industry which cannot support itself on the seaboard of the United States without protection.

On the other hand we have to take into account

particular motives, and a certain policy existing in the United States, quite different from such as prevail either in France or England, and which we do not sufficiently consider when this egregious folly of maintaining protection, paying bounties, or committing similar absurdity, presents itself to us. The first interest of an American state, or group of states, such as those of New England, is to keep up and augment its relative amount of population. On population depends its political influence, its weight in the federal scale. We have no interest in England to increase the population of Lancashire, and render it proportionately greater than the population of more strictly agricultural districts. But the New England states have a vital interest in maintaining a population greater than that of the back states; and this they suppose they can effect by keeping up manufactures, fisheries, &c., by the well-known forcing means called protection. It is thus hoped that capital and population may be diverted or driven into regions and channels which naturally, and without such inducements, they would have the tendency to desert. When we denounce the folly of the American whigs continuing Protectionists, we forget the peculiarities of universal suffrage in a federal system. We have no difficulty in proving our friends quite wrong as political economists, and it is fit that we should do so on all occasions; but we are apt to forget what state excuses they may have in their character of local politicians. Mr. Webster's protection principles stand on quite a different ground from Lord Derby's. The Yankee has a motive on which he acts, though he discreetly makes no show of it, of which the English Tory can know or feel nothing.

Nevertheless, it is this very circumstance which is most likely to render the maintenance of protection impossible in the United States. Here, amongst ourselves, a dominant class may contrive for a time to wheedle silly folks into believing that its prosperity and special inflation are for the benefit of other classes. But it is impossible, without a much more instant and broad absurdity, to argue that the state of Wisconsin should be made to pay for keeping up the population of New York, which population is to afford New York the means of constitutionally over-ruling and out-voting Wisconsin. As soon as Wisconsin clearly understands this, it will not long consent to pay out of its own pocket to keep up the fishing trade of its neighbor, under the pretext that such sacrifice is requisite for the honor, glory, and power of the general marine flag. Federal sagacity will speedily see through a humbug which is far more easily tenable under systems not federal. Let us, therefore, leave the New Englander alone. It is not the Old Englander that can pull down the pride of these fisheries; but the internal and agricultural states, who pay for the bounties and the protection which afterwards in the shape of population are employed against themselves, are sure sooner or later to do it.

We should much desire, moreover, to have other witnesses than military seamen examined upon the question of the comparative prosperity of fisheries. We are willing to accept Lord Dundonald's facts. But we should like to have the question elucidated by those who look at it, and have studied it, from the commercial rather than from the naval point of view.

If we are to accept it as a certain fact that we experience an ill success and a decay in our

fisheries which we do not find in any other path of speculation or enterprise, we are also to remember that it is not merely from the Newfoundland fishery we have been driven by competition. From the South Sea whale fishery the Americans have also driven us, and there at least we cannot attribute the defeat to the sole influence of American bounties. In truth, we are much mistaken if our failure in this, as well as our success in other undertakings, as contrasted with America, be not in both cases distinctly owing to the very different systems of association which prevail in the two countries. In England we associate capital almost to any amount; with that capital we command certain kinds of intellect and power, scientific intelligence for example; and by these means, when properly applicable to the matters in hand, we arrive at results such as the rest of the world may admire and imitate, but can only at distance follow. In America, on the other hand, association is generally among men of small capital, who club together not merely their capital, but their personal activity and intelligence. A fishery company with us would be a congregation of individuals, nine-tenths of whom would merely lay down each their 500*l.* or their 1,000*l.*, and leave it to fortune or their co-proprietors to look to the wise workings and management. In America half a dozen persons would club to purchase a vessel, would embark in her, would themselves haul her ropes and fling her harpoons, each man looking at the most strictly economic outlay and turning of his own little capital. It needs no great force of discernment to tell which kind of enterprise is likely to prove the most successful.

Great association of capital, commanding intelligence by purchase, that is the characteristic of England. Small association of capital, its owners employing their own intelligence, that is the characteristic of America. In all enterprise requiring and admitting the former we succeed most admirably, although not without the terrible effects now and then of entrusting immense interests to discretionary chances hardly less great. The glories and disgraces, the blunders and the achievements of our railroad system would fill volumes, and not uninteresting ones, with the same principle of failure and success prominent and predominant throughout. But there is no speculation in which private enterprise is so far superior to joint-stock direction as in that of fisheries. The money of the idle capitalist is pretty sure to be flung away in those fog-benighted seas. When rude, rough English whalers frequented the Bay of Islands, or stretched from Sydney on their own adventure, it was a prosperous business. It is still so with the Americans. It is no longer so with the British companies.

We have read many disquisitions on the necessity of providing some better investment for the economies of the poor than a savings-bank; and we have also read amusing and sad accounts of the improvidence of seamen. We would like to see the result of a commission that should visit American and French ports, and discover for us the secret of how it is that so many French and Americans, mere sailors, do continue to save money, and to invest it in shipping. Notoriously the seafaring class is one which will not save money to invest it in ways it knows nothing about. But if there are facilities for our seamen to vest savings in their own trade and pursuit, as sailors are enabled to do in other countries, the result

might be a revolution in two very important points, one of them the moral and physical condition of the seafaring population, and the other the reurrection of our fisheries, which, in no other way than by individual enterprise and association, can be made again to prosper. We do much with capital. But in certain cases English capital manages to overturn and extinguish individual enterprise; and this should be obviated.

From the Times, 3d Sept.

#### FISHERIES.

It will be seen that the American papers have not as yet given any confirmation to the assuring reports which were diffused by the ministerial prints in this country. We were informed, on this oracular but somewhat enigmatical authority, that there had never existed any serious differences between the governments of Great Britain and the States on the subject of the fisheries, or, at least, that these misunderstandings had been greatly exaggerated, or, finally, that the impending rupture, if it had ever impended, had been conclusively averted by a pacific adjustment of all the points in dispute. The fact of the embroilment, however, has now been placed beyond all doubt by the proceedings in Congress, and we can plainly see that the misconceptions and irritation on the subject, so far from being confined to provincial journals or local agitators, had extended to active members of the Legislature, and were still occupying, by the most recent advices, the anxious attention of government. We trust that the discernment of our contemporaries on the point of the settlement may be less at fault than it proved to be on the matter of the disagreement; but the organs of American opinion have certainly not yet acquired any variation of tone from the alleged accord of the two governments. It is probable that the definite proposals of Lord Derby's ministry have not yet become generally known across the Atlantic; but we suspect that a more recondite influence is at work in maintaining the visible discontent.

The reader is not likely to have forgotten that the fishing privileges from which the Americans, by their own renunciation, stood debarred, were of two descriptions; one relating to the right of entering British bays, and the other to that of approaching within a league of British shores. The former point, if not strictly disputable, was always disputed; the latter was never overtly called in question; but both, in reality, were evaded together. The privilege of fishing in-shore was much more important than that of entering a bay, and the New Englanders, while systematically assuming the one, were seldom content to forego the other. As no doubt whatever could be thrown upon the in-shore regulations of the treaty, the colonists were fairly justified in demanding, and Sir John Pakington in conceding, a stricter enforcement of their rights on a point both so plain and so serious; but the corresponding interests of the Americans would naturally induce them to fix the dispute exclusively on the debatable article of the convention, though it was not that which was either solely or even principally contravened. In short, we are much inclined to believe that what the Americans really desired was the liberty of fishing within three miles of our shores; that their annoyance has risen from the



attention called to their encroachments in this respect, and that their anger found expression on a different point, because there was really no room for complaint on the point actually concerned. If, indeed, Mr. Seward's speech was to be taken in all respects as a disclosure of government views, there can be no longer any doubt upon the question, for the honorable senator explained himself with unmistakable perspicuity. "Our fishermen," said he, "want all that our own construction of the convention gives them, and *want and must have more*;—they want and *must have* the privilege of fishing within the three inhabited miles, and of curing fish on the shore."

Now, if these are the genuine motives which have suggested and embittered the international altercation, it is easy to conceive that even the liberal surrender of British claims, which our ministerial contemporaries have announced, may fail in producing satisfaction or conciliation on the other side of the Atlantic, and that, as the real annoyance will still subsist, the discontent will still find expression. The only point brought actually into discussion was that which concerned the interpretation of the term "bays," and this has been concedingly resolved in favor of the Americans, who, as we learn from the leakage of ministerial repositories, have acquired the free liberty of entering all our bays for the purely nominal consideration of a like grant on their own part to us. But, though this must necessarily dismiss the bay question forever from the regions of diplomacy, it will do little towards removing occasions of international embroilment if the real temptation to trespass remains behind in the reserve of the inshore fishery to colonial vessels exclusively. We are induced, therefore, to apprehend that dissatisfaction, however disguised, will still be felt and exhibited throughout the Union; that the New England boats will still expose themselves to lawful seizures by deliberate encroachments, that those seizures will rankle in the American mind, and that opportunities will ultimately be found, or created, for bringing this last privilege of the British colonies to that stage of alleged doubt or concerted difficulty which has preceded the surrender of the others.

In this view of the case, it is clearly the interest of our government to close at once, if possible, all chances of trouble by favorable negotiation. The Americans have not yet arrived at the point of doubting or repudiating their own renunciations respecting the in-shore fisheries, and we observe that those journals which echo most faithfully Mr. Seward's opinion on the subject have the grace to acknowledge that Great Britain could never be asked for so valuable a concession without the offer of an equivalent. At first sight it may appear inexpedient to entertain proposals for a surrender of this incontestable privilege, for it cannot be denied that more is involved in its maintenance than the mere advantage of one fishing trade over another. Considerations of general policy, no less than of fiscal convenience, suggest the retention of this recognized border along the coast of our possessions, and, indeed, if the fishermen of the two countries were admitted by the abolition of such limits into indiscriminate and universal contact, it seems natural to anticipate that the chances of quarrel must, upon the whole, be rather augmented than diminished. These reflections, however, which could hardly escape the eyes of our statesmen, appear to have been more than counterbalanced by

the prospective benefits of a fiscal settlement; for, if we correctly understand the matter, the admission of American vessels to all the privileges of British fishermen, without reserve, has actually formed a subject of diplomatic correspondence on past occasions. If this is indeed the case, and if the negotiability of this right has been already acknowledged, there can be no objection to reopening the discussion. "There is only one way," said Mr. Seward, after confessing to the hankings which we mentioned above, "there is only one way that Congress can act, and that is by reciprocal legislation of some sort with the British Parliament or the British Colonies." This is plain speaking, and not unreasonable argument; but, if such views are carried out, we must bespeak an "equivalent" rather more substantial than that discovered by Lord Derby's government on the late occasion. For the Americans to ask that they may take all our fish in consideration of letting us take all theirs, is very much as if we were to demand all the cotton that they produce on the condition of returning them all that we produce at home. If the fish were on both shores alike, the New Englanders would never leave their own coasts to seek them on ours. Lastly, the privilege must not be carried off before it is paid for. We do not wish the Americans to "negotiate under duress" or, indeed, unless they desire it, to negotiate at all, but they must not complain that we protect our own property until such time as we agree to dispose of it. No Boston merchant would think himself affronted if he were kept from what was not his own until he had made a bargain for acquiring it. We are putting no "duress" upon the Americans by excluding their vessels from the in-shore fishing-grounds, for they themselves cannot pretend that they have any right to approach them. We retain nothing but what they do not presume to claim; and, though we may possibly be prevailed upon to part with our property upon terms of exchange, we must take good care of it until the dealings are settled, or it will cease to be property at all.

FREEMAN HUNT.—The New York Independent notices the degree conferred upon Mr. Hunt, by Harvard University, as follows:—

"We are glad to see that the faculty of Harvard College have conferred the honorary degree of A. M. upon Freeman Hunt, Esq., the founder of the Merchants' Magazine and its editor for the thirteen years it has existed. Such a compliment from our oldest University to the self-made graduate of the printing office, is a compliment which nothing but merit could win."

We most cheerfully respond to all that is said in the above paragraph, complimentary to our old friend of the Merchants' Magazine. Few men connected with the press in this country have so wide and well-deserved a reputation as Freeman Hunt. He has often received the highest commendations of the first literary and scientific institutions of Europe, and this new compliment from one of the oldest and most prominent of the literary universities of this country, shows that home merit may sometimes be appreciated and honored as it deserves.—*Rochester Daily Advertiser*.

DIGNITY is often a veil between us and the real truth of things. Wit pierces this veil with its glittering shafts, and lets in the "insolent light."

From the Spectator, 4th Sept.

### THE TIMES.

THE tide of journalism is out, and news has ebbed to its shoals—its blue books of last session, its reviews of books not new, its wondrous stories of natural history, its archeology, and explanations of matters long since past. The *Times* puts on an appearance like a daily edition of the *Gentleman's Magazine*. Take the paper for any day in the week, and you will find a prolixity of eloquence at railway meetings, delightful to the speakers, who find that the leading Journal rates them at the inches of a Stanley or a Russell; copious analyses of railway phenomena, original and in largest type; theses on the old "War in Afghanistan;" Portuguese public affairs, on an American scale; after-dinner speaking at a local mechanics' institute, with distinguished guests from a distance; new "Orders in Chancery," with all the schedules in extenso; report on "the Laws of Mortmain;" report on the Brehon Laws; and a marvellous story of a fasting girl who discourses learnedly on theological topics. The life of the hour, while politics have gone to sleep, is represented by the Police Courts and Ireland; regions in whose hot atmosphere, as in Dante's infernal residence of the proud, the folk are ever moving, and ever waving their hands to cast from them the slow ceaseless rain of fire-flakes. Meanwhile, the calm editor discourses gravely on the time-honored abuses of the Registration Courts; the sempiternal passiveness in providing to meet recurrent cholera; the ever-growing enormities of the railway system; and the responsibilities of the British clergy, from Indus to the Pole.

It is at times like these that we cast up our accounts political and social. Nobody is in the shop stamping for attention, and we take stock. The statesman and the editor overhaul their desks, consign the condemned rubbish to its last home, and rediscover the beauties of forgotten treasures. For, while there are beauties, in literature as well as in flesh and blood, which strike the hurried eye even in the highest whirl of action, there are others which only develop their not less deep delights to fond and lingering contemplation; and hence the editor returns to his blue book, the statesman to his "proposal of a plan for," &c. Chronic enthusiasts now have their day, and "ocean postage" or "pure water" tantalize the homely reader with their brilliant possibilities. The newspaper reader, who expects to see what is going forward in the world, but finds himself dwelling on the exploits of Clive and Keane, of Warren Hastings and Charles James Fox, is set thinking on the tendency of events to run in cycles; he likens Louis Napoleon to Commodus; speaks of Rienzi when he would say Mazzini; and sitting down to write a note, dates it "Ab urbe condita." To sanguine minds this is the season for taking account of "progress"; and, reflecting that "Julius Caesar had not a pane of glass to his window nor a shirt to his back," we are inclined to launch forth in exultations at gas, steam, railways, electric telegraphs, &c., according to the stereotyped rhapsodies. To the conservative mind, the unchangeableness of essentials now recalls every doubt as to the reality of said "progress"; the last crim. con. case recurs, amongst other antiquities of the class, with the domestic vicissitudes of Belisarius; the Parisian improvement-works and pageants recall the "panem et circen-

ses"; the Goth overawes over-civilized Europe; Catullus sings police cases and boudoir horrors; Horace is the immortal laureate of a town Parnassus; man still *imagines* happiness, and plucks the dead pear of Holy Land, or, seeking water at the fount, draws the shrimp in its vehicle of the W. M. E. S. Company.

Or, finding the past barren, recalcitrating against tory despondency, we fall back upon the future, extend the career of achievement into enterprise and speculation, and, like an eloquent correspondent of our own, imagine the day when vast ships shall skim the petty billows of the stormiest ocean like a Thames wherry over the ripple, traversing from England to the Antipodes with neither shipwreck nor sea-sickness; when a penny shall be the postage from Otago to Stoke Pogis, from Vienna to Utica; when England and America, instead of bickering in the petty accents of a Chatfield or a Webster, over Mosquito kings and fish, "bob-stay and sinker," shall stand side by side, protecting universal liberty and commerce, and teaching its poor emperors and Cæsars to behave like good boys in the school of God's world.

In France, it is said that President Bonaparte has now definitively made up his mind to "the empire;" but what France herself has to say on that point is not so easily defined, since she is gagged. And not only gagged, but, we verily believe, perplexed, rather wearied, and altogether uncertain of her own mind. It is necessary to pass some time in the country, quietly noting the unstudied traits of the intimate feeling of the people, in its own countenance and its own heart, before you attain to any conception of its sentiments. Men who once opposed the actual régime, have become, so to speak, passively resigned to it, from having acquired a thorough doubt as to the honesty and capacity of all existing parties. Louis Napoleon stands, like Lord Derby, by favor of omnilateral opposition. Meanwhile, the government really *corrupts* very few, and does not *impose* on any. Everybody knows it for what it is—a terrible knowledge! But nobody is disposed to upset it in favor of any other régime. It is like a disease in a thoroughly worn-out patient, which the physician will not cure lest he leave the field open for a worse. The existing lull of political strife is not unprofitable to the country, which is making prodigious strides in material well-being and in accumulation of wealth; and while he can "save society" by his empirical violences—while he can prevent riot, hateful to trade—Louis Napoleon may retain his place.

But that it is a hard struggle, appears in the undisguised contest to which he is committed with words. Writing alarms him; but he cannot evade it. The *Times* assails him from the Hill of Lud, with historical parallelisms of France and the Lower Empire; and he cannot abstain from answering in his Government Gazette! *La Presse* questions the right of *Le Pays* to say that the 21 of December prevented disorder in May, or that France is a nation of cut-throats to be put down by anticipatory cut-throats; and *La Presse* is "warned," as a prelude to its suppression; so that all Louis Napoleon's tact and talent for passive silence cannot restrain him from contest with Emile de Girardin, the clever and vigorous adventurer who is *all but* the Warwick of Paris. Louis Napoleon has great nerve in total abstinence of

expression; but the unceasing twirl of his mustache with finger and thumb betrays the restlessness behind that mask, and the *Times* and the *Presse* provoke him out of his reserve. It is a hard struggle; and he hustens to the Empire as the worried gamester precipitates the game, to learn his fate.

THE fishery dispute may have ended diplomatically, but it has not ended practically. We come to this conclusion *not* chiefly through the reports of continued exacerbation in the Senate of the United States, nor through the report of Mr. Seward's speech, pointing to ulterior negotiations, but through a consideration of the facts as they are well known, as they have long existed, and as they have already been explained in our pages. Not that the speech of Mr. Seward is weak testimony in corroboration of our position. When a man so eminent, so experienced, so esteemed, makes a declaration on the part of America, it comes with more force than the language of officials whose tongues have not been sincere, and whose tenure of office is expiring. "Our fishermen want," he says, "all that our own construction of the convention gives them, and want and must have more; they want and must have the privilege of fishing within the three inhibited miles, and of curing the fish on the shore." With much good faith, the American war-ships have been driving their own countrymen off the ground; but that cannot last. The American fishermen want what Mr. Seward says, because practically they have always had it, because sailors *cannot* be made to respect an imaginary line laid down on the dancing flowing waters, and because the fish which they pursue lead them within the line. The reply of certain English writers, that the concession of freedom to fish in American grounds is as much as if he were to offer British in return for American cotton, does not apply; local and personal incitements are stronger even than justice, when that is only abstract or enforced by remote powers; and fishermen cannot bear diplomacy in mind. Nor needs the ulterior bargain be embodied in fish alone. As the only way in which Congress can act, Mr. Seward indicates "reciprocal legislation of some sort with the British Parliament or the British Colonies." In whatsoever way, the question will have to be settled more solidly than it now is, by ulterior negotiation.

From the Spectator, 4th Sept.

#### PEEL AND THE PEOPLE.

THE popular applause that greeted the closing years of Sir Robert Peel's career, the respect with which his name was mentioned by all but the condottieri of faction, has since his death received a lasting confirmation in memorial of stone and bronze, erected in towns whose interests bound them to be specially thankful for the boldness of his policy. These tokens of a nation's gratitude and respect are the fit instruments of punishment for those who abused him while he lived, and now that he is dead have imitated just so much of his career as taken by itself was neither to his honor nor the nation's advantage. Peel's successors must bite their lips as they hear of one fact after another bearing testimony to the profound impression which the character and policy of the deserted

leader have made upon the English heart, and must read in that a forewarning of the contempt with which posterity will regard their want of principle, of genius, of dignity. It is pleasant to see justice done, and to anticipate the time when it will be done; all that is manliest in the human heart receives satisfaction from the spectacle; and, whether that justice be homage or contempt, to pay it well according to the dues of public men, is an education for a people, and has no mean influence in the formation of their character. Steele said that it was the finest education for a youth to love a charming and virtuous woman; and to cherish feelings of admiration and of gratitude towards a statesman who deserves both, in like manner elevates the people who entertain them. It is, we repeat, the policy and character of Sir Robert Peel that lift him so high in popular esteem, and attach the old Greek title of "benefactor" to his name. Not that a strong sense of the physical comfort which he has increased and secured does not mingle in the feeling of the people to him. But he touched something in the popular heart more noble than its selfishness, as those who now fill his place rouse in that same heart an indignation in which moral elements play the foremost part. The Englishman admires in Peel the union of cautiousness with grand conceptions, of parliamentary tactics with superiority to party ties, of highmindedness and disinterestedness with a singular degree of practicality.

From the Spectator, 4th Sept.

#### EUROPA AT CREMORNE.

EUROPA is summoned to the Westminster Police Court by the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, to account for her escapade in riding off on the bull. Cremorne is the scene of the offence. The poor beast, it appears, is suspended by girths; on it sits the Europa of the hour; and a balloon supplies the motive power. The less classic Poitevin had mounted skywards on a pony. A veterinary surgeon is ready to swear that the position of the beast is unnatural and painful; and it certainly needed no veterinary surgeon to disclose that truth. But the spirit of Dick Martin survives, and the animals will be rescued from their wretched labors.

It is sorry work, however, when coercive police is the substitute for sense and good feeling in the public. The position of the bull is unnatural and painful, but what is that of Madame Poitevin? We say nothing of her nymphæan costume, since art possesses its licenses. But where was the art to hallow that dismal scene? Imagine the cruelty to the tradition. The bull, that ought to be exulting in his victory—Jove himself converted to the king of the pastures and eloping with the fair nymph—is represented by a poor beast slung as beasts are at sea, in helpless suffering; instead of "floating o'er the Argolic floods," they are carried through the smoke over Chelsea, hanging to the balloon which quite eclipses the poor Europa of Cremorne. It is a helpless farce, with all the machinery that ought to be "behind the scenes" exposed. A more beggarly and bungling burlesque could not be devised. The whole thing was odious and ridiculous, and ought to have been hooted for its ugly absurdity.

But what must be the condition of the poor

audience! These exhibitions, it is said, are the theatres that "draw." While theatres are empty, while the National Gallery is cold vacuity, the places that collect delighted audiences are precisely these, where Mr. Green goes up "positively the last time," with a brass band; where Poitevin hangs on a pony, or his wife on a bull, and goes dangling about the suburbs; where a posture-maker performs his feats on a poll beneath the car, till he is out of sight. In the last case, indeed, there is something admirable, in the display of human vigor, of skill, and nerve; only it is preposterously out of place. By attending these exhibitions, the London audience confesses its miserable estate. It is so effete in its sensations that it cannot get up an interest even in a balloon, unless the veteran of two generations go up "positively the last time" with a brass band, or unless a woman be hanged with a bull to the apparatus! That will attract.

Politicians should take this hint. In the reviving season, the British public, which cannot get up the slightest interest in its own political rights, might be attracted to the soirées of the Parliamentary Reform Association by engaging Mademoiselle Vandermeersch and her birds. Lord John Russell might muster a larger attendance to go with him into the lobby, if he were to make his speech of no-confidence dressed in the real armor of Edward the Black Prince, and head the procession into the lobby seated on the back of a donkey. Possibly the leader of the House of Commons might antagonize that formidable combination, by riding to the House, round by Oxford street, St. Paul's, and the Strand, on an ostrich, and making his speech on a tight rope, in recitative, to the accompaniment of ten Ethiopian serenaders led by M. Jullien on the bones. The English public is recalled to consciousness by such appeals to its understanding; and thus aroused, "the two great parties in the state" might awake, arise, and not be forever fallen.

The necessity, however, for stimulants so coarse, shows the debilitated condition of the Londoners, aesthetically. There lies the root of the evil. One can understand how the poor Parisians may have been perverted to a toleration, or even to an enjoyment of Poitevin, after Louis Napoleon, who is a perpetual Jupiter *Tonans ex machinâ*; but that Londoners should have come to the same pass, bodes ill for our institutions. To rescue the particular bull, however meritorious a mission, is but a small part of the cure, when the public mind is depraved. To follow the lunatic in his rambles, and rehabilitate the victims of his morbid caprices, is poor regimen; the aim should be, to rescue the lunatic himself, and to cure his diseased motive. It occurs to us that some processes of education already going on may help in such case, with time. Perhaps the church has not done all it might, if, instead of terrifying congregations with threats of eternal perdition, through misconception of a microscopic doctrinal distinction, it had more simply and practically expounded the eternal laws of life and divine government. Perhaps a more profitable "observance of the Sabbath" may help. At all events, it is in the better training of the people that these idle cruelties are to be cured. Meanwhile, although a sorry one, the police magistrate is the legitimate substitute for right feeling. If the English heart is not, at present, altogether in the right place, there is the policeman at the station-house.

From the Episcopal Recorder.

### MIDNIGHT MUSINGS AT SEA.

THE midnight hour cometh on apace,  
And yet mine eyes have bid farewell to slumber;  
For memories of the past, like pallid ghosts,  
Are fitting round my spirit, without number;  
And like an eager child, impatiently,  
Each whispereth low, "Oh! list thee first to me."

They will not leave me, so adieu awhile  
All thought of rest; and now, dear memories, hither.  
Ye were all once what we of earth name *hopes*,  
Buds of bright promise, bursting forth to wither.  
I hear you call me, on the mighty deep—  
Then come unto me ere "I lay me down to sleep."

She cometh first! one with a gentle voice,  
An eye that smiled on me as smiled none other;  
My earliest kiss was hers—my first caress  
Those arms did give me, dearest, sainted mother.  
She listened kindly to each fancy wild  
With patient ear, then gave sweet counsel to her child.

A gentle form, whose drooping head doth press  
A snowy pillow in a dim-lit room;  
Her hands, like stricken lilies, motionless  
Rest on her bosom! 'twas an early doom,  
Sweet sister! smiling did she yield her breath,  
And fairer than in life was her sweet face in death.

She vanisheth, and now, oh! thou art near,  
Thou, whom I sketched when wild imaginations  
Came in a brilliant throng, and at my will,  
Mine untamed pencil dashed off wild creations,  
That were all light, all shadowless and airy—  
'T was a light heart that traced each beautiful vagary.

I revelled in fair visions, yet my soul  
Could not be ever joyous! echoings  
Of "idle words," marred many a lonely hour;  
These earth-born thoughts, and strange imaginings,  
They give small comfort, when in pain and sorrow,  
Within the darkened room we wait the dawning morrow.

And then, thou blessed one! thou, who art now  
One of the holy beings, ever dwelling  
Around "the great white throne," in robes of light,  
Thy voice, with the redeemed, ever swelling—  
Oh! thou wert my good angel, when, like me,  
Thou worst the frail garb of weak mortality.

They have all gone! sweet spirits, fare-ye-well—  
But nay! a new array before me creepeth.  
"Home, we are going home!" Oh! there are yet  
Full many a heart that wildly, fondly leapeth,  
To welcome us, the wanderers o'er the sea—  
Father in Heaven, what thanks thy children owe to Thee!

They watch for us within that distant home,  
They tremble when they muse upon our meeting;  
Each one imagineth how the other looks.  
Oh! it will be a wild, a joyous greeting.  
Yet tears will flow, while smiles light up the eye;  
We'll miss full many a voice that whispered us  
"Good-by."

Away, away, ye thoughts! my brain must rest.  
Soothe my disturbed spirit with your rushing,  
White-crested waves! for it hath ample need;  
Lull me to sleep, as a fond mother hushing  
Her wayward child; and thus, on ocean's breast,  
"I will both lay me down in peace, and take my rest."



From the Spectator.

PERFECT SAFETY ATTAINABLE AT SEA.

No. 2 Adam Street, Adelphi, August 21, 1852.

SIR—Your remarks in to-day's number on the question of "Fire at Sea" have called up thoughts and reflections of many years, verified by much experience, leading me to the conclusion which I deliberately affirm; viz.:

That the principle of sea transit, if rightly understood, contains the elements of nearly absolute safety—more absolute than any transit by land. Save the single circumstance of collision by carelessness, there seems no risk that human foresight cannot practically guard against.

A few months back I was pacing the deck of a Mediterranean steamer. As it grew dark I noticed the redness of the funnel. Going forwards, I found the iron chimney-guard where it touched the deck was so hot that it burnt my hand. I went down into the engine-room, and the whole material of the timber-built craft felt hot enough to cook a steak. With this practical examination, and the knowledge that I was in a vessel competing for speed with others, I returned on deck, but before I lay down to sleep took the Mississippi precaution of tying on an air-belt. Next day I was in harbor, firmly resolving not to try that craft any more. Subsequently I was informed that a similar vessel was burned in Cadiz bay a few years back.

Ere steam was, for ocean navigation, the risk of fire was comparatively small, save from risky cargo. The craft was damp and foul, and the only fires were the cook's galley upon deck and an occasional twelve cubic inches of smoky coal in the iron box called a stove in the cabin. To set fire to such a craft was as difficult as to burn the wet clothing of a washerwoman. People's health doubtless suffered from this state of things; but fire had as little chance as it would have in a graveyard. It so happens that the air and atmosphere which is most conducive to human health is precisely that which is best adapted to encourage combustion. And this is the solution of the burning down of the Royal Exchange, the Houses of Parliament, and other buildings. They were constructed at the time when people wore cloaks in-doors as a precaution against cold, and did not understand the evils of moist air. A more intelligent age required healthy dryness and warmth; the timber buildings consequently became tinder, and they were burnt. Even so, the risk of fires at sea has been increased by the very precautions taken to render vessels more healthy.

When to this is added the modern practice of putting a huge fire in the hold of the wooden vessel, drying every part of the timber to fire-catching point, the marvel is, not that *one* is occasionally burned, but that *all* are not burned. With river-steamers or coasters, where the fires are extinguished at intervals of twelve or twenty-four hours, the vessel has some chance of cooling down and escaping; but in an ocean-steamer, wood-built, and with fires roaring for many days together, it is a clear "tempting of Providence"—it is like sleeping on a volcano.

The Amazon was burned, and reams of paper were printed to account for how she caught light. All such reasoning seems puerile. She might be fairly or unfairly set fire to, and the underwriters might or might not pay the insurance; but the broad fact, glaring above all, and plainly to be read by the light of her burning timbers, and the

lesson enforced by the death-shrieks of perishing passengers was, *she was built of combustible material.*

We do not want to live in the midst of care and cautions, but in free security. We are not contented that our property be insured in a fire-office; we want to avoid the fire, and all its risk and trouble. We do not want to behold boats around us ready to remove us from one contingency to another, nor to wear swimming-girdles as a daily article of dress. The continued existence of insurance-offices against fires in our dwellings and conveyances is a practical satire on the perverse ignorance or defiance of the laws of nature, and the altered condition of our circumstances.

Nature provides for the varied conditions of man. She provided him timber to build his canoe as a "dug-out." As his ships grew in size, he joined his timbers by art. He needed larger ships for ocean service, and they increased in bulk till the property of cohesion in timber became so disproportioned to the weight that stranding and wreck became almost synonymous; but in the mean time iron had been brought forth from the mine and the rolls—imperfect, it is true, at the outset, but growing every day better adapted to its new uses.

Fifty years back, iron was used on the Paddington Canal for the construction of boats—a kind of sheet-iron tanks without boat form—only contrived to carry a load, which they did more efficiently than wooden boats; but probably they were then too costly. Subsequently, the shallow water of the Clyde rendering light draught essential, some strange iron craft were built, so guiltless of all proportion, so unlike vessels, that an innocent Londoner, seeing one for the first time on the stocks, asked, "Was it a kettle to boil a whale whole?" In process of time came the Great Britain, of proportions larger than the then existing material was adapted to, and her stranding in Dundrum Bay frightened "sheep-men" from following up the principle of large iron vessels. Yet her four months' thrashing by the ocean waves and coming off a ship at last, did good service by proving that there were qualities in iron unattainable by wooden vessels.

Apart from the question of gunnery and sea-fighting, there is yet no proved inherent defect in iron vessels; and even the Admiralty experiments prove more as to defective material and construction than defective principle. But we may assume that passengers do not go to sea to fight; and there is no more semblance of reason in sending them to sea in war-ships than there would be in sending them by land in army tumbrils. The question, therefore, resolves itself into what is the best kind of vessel combining the qualities of

1. Safety;
2. Comfort;
3. Speed;
4. Economy.

Under the head of safety we must consider what are the elements of danger: first, fire or explosion; second, collision; third, leaks; fourth, rocks; fifth, stranding; sixth, the attack of a cachalot whale—of which two instances at least are recorded resulting in the destruction of the vessels in the open sea.

Fire may be guarded against by having no combustible material in the construction of the vessel; and if combustible furniture be used, for which there is no necessity, it should be so arranged that it may at any time be isolated by a series of separate apartments or metallic partitions, and drowned at

pleasure. The boiler apartment should also be isolated with double partitions and air-spaces, so arranged that the firemen may always stand in cool currents. The floor, up to a certain height, should be of double plates, and the interstices lined with non-combustible timber, rendered so by lime saturation, merely to give mechanical resistance and strength. Above the floor, the hold should be divided into sufficient water-tight compartments by iron partitions both longitudinally and athwart-ships, so that no striking on a rock would involve sinking; precisely as the Mississippi steamers are provided with snag-chambers. These cells or compartments should form the storage of the vessel; and if at any time combustible material caught fire, instant drowning might take place. With regard to boiler explosion, in addition to the usual means of guarding against it, a portion of the deck above the boilers should be so arranged that it would yield, and thus the force of the explosion be expended upwards. In a vessel thus constructed, the conviction of safety would prevent panic; and people would go about the work of putting out any accidental fire in as orderly a mode as Braidwood's Brigade.

Collision in foggy weather, or by a careless lookout, cannot be wholly prevented, and the chances of it are on the increase by the increase of navigation; but if, instead of a miserable lamp, only seen at a short distance, something analogous to a light-house-lantern were erected at the mast or chimney head, and in fog a powerful bell or whistle were incessantly sounding by the machinery, the chances of collision would be reduced to the minimum. We have yet to ascertain several points as to moderating the effects of collision.

Leaks could scarcely occur in a properly-constructed vessel. As yet they are not properly constructed, inasmuch as the line of rivets is far inferior in strength to the other portions of the plates.

Rocks could scarcely inflict such damage as to sink a vessel built with sufficient compartments, any more than a sponge can lessen its capacity for holding water by dividing it into parts.

Of the behavior of such a vessel when stranded, we have an example in the Great Britain; and the larger the vessel, all other circumstances being equal, the less is the power of the sea over her.

The two vessels destroyed by cachalot whales were wooden whalers, and their loss may be attributed to insufficient strength.

With regard to comfort, the larger the vessel the greater may be the convenience of every kind; and, fortunately, comfort is almost synonymous with speed. The larger the vessel—other things being equal—the greater the speed; as the long-limbed horse can gallop faster than the short-limbed one. Judging by what has already been done, it seems more than probable that we shall ultimately attain a speed of thirty miles per hour on the ocean. We need a vessel of some ten thousand tons and from six to seven hundred feet in length, in order to prevent pitching or rolling by the action of the waves, and thus lessen distance by preserving a straight line of path, instead of ascending and descending hills. Large vessels will thus be to the ocean what the railway is to the land. As the mere river ripple is to the wherry, so will the ocean wave be to the giant steamer, absolutely innocuous for retardation. I am aware that many "practical" men will object that such a craft would "break her back" in rising on the wave. The answer is, first, she is constructed of

iron and not of wood; and, next, that she would not rise on the wave, but settle quietly on two waves. To use the schoolmaster's phrase, "she would rule the waves straight." As to breaking her back, we may see any day that the iron vessels stretched across the Menai Straits without any central support through 400 feet of length do not "break their backs," nor, if suitably constructed, would they do so at twice that length. As regards shape, proportion, and construction of vessels, there are deeper depths than have yet been sounded.

There is yet one argument that will come home to the imaginations of all men of business. *In such a craft there would be no sea-sickness, and none but similar craft could compete with her. She would command the preference of all passengers even at higher rates of passage, setting aside the question of safety against fire and wreck.*

As to the question of economy there can be no doubt. The iron vessel costs less and will carry a greater load than a wooden one of equal external dimensions. And past experience proves, that, even with inferiorly-constructed iron vessels, the expense of repairs is far less than that of wooden vessels. But there is also the question of economy by reason of increased size. As the internal cubic space increases, the expense decreases proportionally in enclosing it. The cubic feet increase faster than the superficial.

"How shall we provide enough passengers for each vessel?" some one will ask. The only reply is, that passengers always crowd to safety, comfort, speed, and economy. The emigration spirit has moved the whole world—i. e., the natural tendency of population to find its balance with the means of maintenance is operating everywhere, and can only be checked by the difficulty of transit. A new era has arisen, and new arrangements are called for. The shipbuilders must be also ironmakers. Tilt-hammers and rolls more ponderous than the world has yet seen must rise by the dock-side to fashion masses of metal too large for inland transport, moulding them at one heat to the form required in the vessel. This must be done ere our large vessels can be perfect; for the parts should bear a proportionate size to the whole.

This work of iron shipbuilding, large vessels to be moved by steam, or some of the other powers now looming on the horizon, in which heat or some form of electricity will play their part, will be the work of the English future, when other nations shall have learnt to fabricate their own clothing and many other things, and no longer need our help. With the coal and the iron and the deep sea in contiguity—with a healthy, vigorous climate, that *makes work a passion*—with a race of men noble as ever were yet gathered together on this world's surface—with free egress for all surplus numbers, and free ingress for the corn, wine, and oil of the world, working out the decrees of Providence in making the rough places smooth—if we attain not to the millennium, we shall at least make physical misery a rarity amongst us. Had the sixty miles of sea between Holyhead and Kingstown been spanned a century back by a two-hours' steamer warranted against sea-sickness, Ireland would long ere this have been an integral portion of England, and not an outlying province. And still this thing is to do. Human beings are not always born in the climates or countries best fitted for their natural constitutions; and facile transit, enabling all mankind to choose the soil and climate for which they have a special aptitude, will do much towards the removal of disease,

the increase of general production, and the decrease of that pervading discontent and dissatisfaction that engender strife—but which discontent and dissatisfaction are, nevertheless, a wise ordinance of Nature, impelling men to wholesome progress, instead of a blind submission to inert squalor.

I am, Sir, yours faithfully,  
W. BRIDGES ADAMS.

## NEW BOOKS.

Vol. V. *The Black Dwarf, and Old Mortality*; 2 vols. in one.

Vol. VI. *The Heart of Mid Lothian*; 2 vols. in one.

Vol. VII. *Bride of Lammermoor. A Legend of Montrose*; 2 vols. in one.

Vol. VIII. *Ivanhoe*; 2 vols. in one.

Vol. IX. *The Monastery*; 2 vols. in one.

Rapidly (one every week) roll out these handsome volumes of Parker & Mussey's Illustrated Library Edition of the Waverley Novels. Good paper, print and binding, and sold at the price of 65 cents a volume; each volume containing two volumes of the works as first published in the United States. There are not many young men who could not lay by 65 cents a week, and in less than half a year become owners of this delightful set of works. Whoever has them at hand, will read them over and over; and few persons will like wretched novels afterward.

*Fletcher's Studies on Slavery.* A thick octavo volume, strongly bound in leather, looking very much like one of Dr. Anthon's Latin books. What can it be? It is published at *Natchez*, by Jackson Warner, and is by John Fletcher, of Louisiana. This is the fourth edition. The whole title is: "Studies of Slavery; in Easy Lessons. Compiled into Eight Studies, and subdivided into short lessons for the convenience of readers." Upon looking at this book, which is one way of learning something about it, we find that it contains a great deal upon the other side of the question, and doubt not that it will give many new ideas to the readers, especially if they began with only one. We have not time to read the Waverley Novels (unless when half sick), so that we can hardly be expected to read this. A glance shows us that the writer considers the slave's moral improvement to be "identical with the master's interest," and that he lays upon the Abolitionists the blame of the severe measures which began to be taken a quarter of a century ago to prevent the slaves from learning to read and write. Who raised up the Abolitionists he does not say, as far as we see. In our opinion they did not spring up, and take root, and throw out great branches, without the aid of politicians. Suppose that we could, at a wish, put an end to slavery, or put an end to politicians; which should we do? We can imagine many evils and miseries that would be the consequence of suddenly putting an end to the existence of slavery. But we don't know any harm that would happen to the country by changing all the politicians next week. Perhaps the result of that would be the end of slavery too. Quien sabe? . . . After another look at this book, we fear that the author has fallen into some of the faults of the Abolitionists; that he sometimes rails instead of reasoning. We stumbled upon some quite inelegant insinuations against our friend, the Rev. Mr. Barnes. Still, we think this is not the prevailing tone of the book, and, as we believe that as strangers come to know each other better they will like each other more, we advise our northern readers to make themselves acquainted with this book. They will be surprised to find how many opinions the author holds in common with them on this subject. If slavery is to be ended, it can only be by the acts of the Southern States; let us not, by refusing to hear what they say, keep ourselves in a false position, and

destroy our influence. Thomas, Cowperthwait & Co., are the Philadelphia publishers.

*The White Slave; or, Memoirs of a Fugitive.* This book is said to have a large sale. We doubt whether it is intended to do good at the South. Published by Tappan & Whittemore, Boston.

*Personal Memoirs and Recollections of Editorial Life.* In 2 vols. By Joseph T. Buckingham. A very entertaining book, and to those whose sympathies embrace their fellows, deeply interesting and instructive. Mr. Buckingham has lived a long life, and began very early. Published by Ticknor, Reed & Fields, Boston.

*Life of Franklin Pierce.* By Nathaniel Hawthorne. Ticknor, Reed & Fields. We are, in default of Mr. Webster, in favor of General Scott. Still this may be a very good book, and the subject is a good-looking man. Mr. Hawthorne wrote it because he has been attached to Mr. Pierce from his youth; and perhaps a little because the whigs dismissed Mr. H. from an office in the custom-house. We think they might have done the country more good in some other way. And perhaps not; for the leisure thus given has produced several successful books, and added more to Mr. Hawthorne's fame, than the longest and largest salary would have done.

*Lydia; a Woman's Book.* By Mrs. Newton Crossland. Ticknor, Reed & Fields. This title is very attractive. "The various phases of life are depicted from a woman's view."

*Lectures on the Works and Genius of Washington Allston.* By Wm. Ward, author of *Zenobia*, *Aurelian*, *Julian*, &c. The author, at the time he was suddenly attacked by his last illness, was engaged in making arrangements for delivering these lectures in this city, so long the residence of the artist and scholar of whom they treat. Phillips, Sampson & Co., Boston.

*The Eclipse of Faith; or, a Visit to a Religious Sceptic.* Crosby, Nichols & Co., Boston. We shall most strongly recommend this work to our readers, by stating that it is by Mr. Henry Rogers, author of the article on Reason and Faith, which, two or three years ago, we copied from the *Edinburgh Review*. It is very beautifully printed, and the better suited for a present to a friend, to whom its subject might be especially useful.

*The Onward Age; an Anniversary Poem, recited before the Young Men's Mercantile Library Association of Cincinnati.* By T. Buchanan Read. Mr. Read has lately been very favorably noticed by the *North British Review*. Published by the Association.

*The Men of the Time; or, Sketches of Living Notables.* Redfield, New York. Of this work, which contains a large amount of well-printed matter, the President of the United States thus writes to the publisher: "I am happy to learn that you are publishing this work. It is precisely that kind of information that every public and intelligent man desires to see, especially in reference to the distinguished men of Europe, but which I have found it extremely difficult to obtain."

*Bronchitis and Kindred Diseases, in Language adapted to Common Readers;* by W. W. Hall, M. D. New York. Redfield. This is the seventh edition of a work we have noticed before. So far as we can judge of it, Dr. Hall has presented to the large class of persons who are sick of these diseases, or in danger of being so, a very sound, as well as a very interesting, volume. It is not intended to enable "every man to be his own physician," but, while referring the reader always to a skillful practitioner, may save him from many days or years of unnecessary alarm. Some of the opinions about "going to the South," &c., will commend themselves to judicious and experienced men. Similar opinions have been since published in Europe, and noticed in the *Living Age*.

*Daniel Webster and his Contemporaries;* by Charles W. Marsh. Fourth edition. Charles Scribner,

New York. Our readers know how greatly we have always been interested in the fame and fortunes of this great statesman. Who is not? Always acknowledged, in trying times, as at the head of Congress, he has not been as much a favorite of political managers as of the people. His character will be fully appreciated by posterity. In former notices of this work, which first appeared under a different title, we copied some of the graphic pictures which it contains, especially that relating to the great speech in defence of the Constitution against the Nullifiers—the subject of the painting lately exhibited in Faneuil Hall.

*Anglo-American Literature and Manners.* From the French of Philarette Chasles. Charles Scribner, New York. "This volume contains several 'studies' on North America, and the development of literature and manners there. Not of their institutions. The author's object is different. He proposes to exhibit, in a series of faithful pictures, the details of manners, traits of character, phenomena and singularity, observed upon the spot by foreign travellers, or shown forth by Americans themselves."

*Pioneer Women of the West.* By Mrs. Ellet, author of *Women of the Revolution*. Charles Scribner, New York. The reader of Mrs. Ellet's former volumes will know what to expect in this. Abundance of lively anecdote and history connected with the Indians and the early settlement of the Great West.

*Voices of Nature to her Foster-Child, the Soul of Man. A Series of Analogies between the Natural and the Spiritual World.* By the author of "A Reel in a Bottle." Edited by the Rev. Henry T. Cheever. Charles Scribner, New York.

*Butler's Analogy.* With an Analysis by the Rev. Dr. Emery, late President of Dickinson College. With a life of Bishop Butler, by C. R. Crooks. Harper and Brothers.

*Lotus Eating; a Summer Book.* By George William Curtis, author of "Nile Notes," "Howadji in Syria," &c. Harper & Brothers. We have already copied English notices of this work.

Vol. III. of the *Life and Works of Robert Burns.* Edited by Robert Chambers. Harper & Brothers. One more volume will complete this last edition of the great Scottish poet. We promise ourselves the pleasure and the pain of reading every line of it.

*The Child at Home; or, the Principles of Filial Duty familiarly illustrated.* By John S. C. Abbott. Harper & Brothers. This edition is very greatly improved and enlarged, with numerous engravings. Mr. Abbott's books are read over and over, with never abating interest, by those to whom they are addressed.

*The Clifford Family; or, a Tale of the Old Dominion.* By one of her Daughters. Harper & Brothers. This tale begins about eighty years ago, in Virginia, then comparatively wild and unsettled. We wish abundant success for the new author.

*A Latin-English and English-Latin Dictionary, for the use of Schools.* Chiefly from the Lexicons of Freund, Georges and Kaltschmidt. By Charles Anthon, LL. D. Harper & Brothers. This is a duodecimo of more than 1200 pages. It is very full, with abundant illustrations and examples.

Harper & Brothers continue the terrible series on *London Labor and the London Poor*, by Henry Mayhew. Terrible, because revealing such human misery; but not unmixed with various and entertaining matter. This is No. 21.

They have also issued Nos. 25 and 26 of the *Pictorial Field-Book of the Revolution; or, Illustrations*

*by Pen and Pencil of the History, Scenery, Biography, Relics and Traditions of the War of Independence.* By Benson J. Lossing. With 600 engravings on wood, chiefly from original sketches by the author. This is a beautiful book, with a profusion of illustrations.

*The National Portrait Gallery of Distinguished Americans.* R. E. Peterson & Co., Philadelphia. The first No. contains three Portraits of Washington, and one of Martha Washington. The engravings and the letter-press are both beautifully executed.

*History of Democracy in the United States, No. 1.* H. Wentworth, Boston.

*Upjohn's Rural Architecture.* Designs, Working Drawings and Specifications for a Wooden Church, and other rural structures. By Richard Upjohn, Architect. Geo. P. Putnam & Co., New York. This is a successful attempt to give to cheap materials—in which all parts of the country abound—the graces of fine proportion and good taste. It costs no more (when the builder knows how to do it) to join his timber and stone into beautiful forms and graceful and just proportions, than to make uncouth boxes of large size, or, what is far worse, the aspiring abominations which sometimes disfigure villages, and debase the taste of a generation. When it shall be found that, by following the path here marked out for them by the great architect of Trinity Church, New York, the builders in country towns can, at very small expense, give greatly increased money value, not only to their churches and public buildings, but also to all the neighboring property, we shall soon have an improved generation. Grace of form and fair proportion can be given to the roughest materials. The western country, in very early stages of its settlement, may be covered with churches and school-houses of rude logs, which will be remembered with pleasure, even after they shall have been succeeded by a more durable material. Let us, in passing, speak of the pleasure it has given us, for a year past, to watch the progress of St. Paul's Church, Brookline, Mass., built of stone, by Mr. Upjohn. It is a study for the whole neighborhood, and cannot but have an extensive and enduring influence. The wealthy and liberal proprietors, by placing themselves in such competent hands, have secured a house of worship which they can look round upon, during all their lives, with increasing satisfaction.

Mr. Upjohn's purpose, in publishing this book, is simply to supply the want, which is often felt, especially in the newly-settled parts of our country, of designs for cheap but still substantial buildings for the use of parishes, schools, &c. In the examples given here, he has kept in view the uses of each building, and endeavored to give it the appropriate character; while, at the same time, care has been taken to make the drawings as plain and practical as possible. A perspective view is given of each design, with general plans, and full working drawings and specifications. Bills of timber and lumber are also added. With these, any intelligent mechanic will be able to carry out the design. The buildings are, a church, costing \$3000; chapel, \$900; school-house, 4 or \$500; Parsonage, \$2500.

*Arctic Journal; or, Eighteen Months in the Polar Regions.* By Lieut. S. Osborn.

*Home and Social Philosophy.* Second Series. From Dickens' Household Words.

*Sicily,* by Henry T. Tuckerman (not received).

*Whims and Oddities,* by Thomas Hood.

These are parts 14 to 17 of Putnam's Semi-monthly Library for Travellers and the Fire-side. Price only 25 cents each.